

*"As the Truth is in Jesus."*

WHOLE No. 2349.

**TERMS.**

...at the ordinary rates.

The foregoing remarks will serve to show, that certain variations in doctrine among those who hold to the same standard of faith, will always exist, and it would be an evil rather than a good, if it were otherwise. If they are not essential and vital, such variations do not interfere with the true unity of the Church; they rather promote it in its best living form. We do not offer this as a plea for latitudinarianism, but we need to

Number of missionaries ten more than last year.....	38
Members.....	2,910
Additions during the year.....	324
Baptisms " " ".....	292
Sunday-school Scholars.....	525
Amount collected during the year for Benevolence.....	\$525
Amount collected during the year for Local Objects.....	\$8,238
Value of Churon Property about.....	\$125 000
Indebtedness about.....	30 000



## Family Reading.

## A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Song of Solomon ii., 17.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away,  
Guide of Pilgrims! Light of Earth! leave me not, I pray;

For the road is dark and dreary,  
And my feet are sore and weary,  
Friends and lovers from me straying,  
Through the darkness hear me praying.

Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! leave me not, I pray,  
Until the day break and the shadows flee away,

Until the day break and the shadows flee away,  
Comforter and Counselor! leave me not, I pray;

As the nights with sorrow lengthen,  
Be Thou near to soothe and strengthen;  
As my griefs grow stronger, clearer,  
Draw Thou nearer still, and nearer.

Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! watch with me, I pray,  
Until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away,  
Gentle Shepherd of my soul, oh! still near me stay;

Till the doubting, fearing, straying,  
Feeble praise and trembling praying,  
Till the weeping and the sighing,  
Till the mortal pain of dying

Is all over, past and over, and I hear Thee say:  
"Waken! for the day has broke and shadows fled away!"

—Independent.

## AFTER BUSINESS.

Business ought not to be restful. A true man of business works his brain almost incessantly during business hours. There are very few employments in which it is smooth sailing all the day long. Business has its troubles, its anxieties, its careful watchings. A business man is on the strain all day to keep things right behind him, sound under him, and opening before him. He has to contend with opposition and competition. There are men lying in wait to deceive and ensnare him. He has to put his whole mind to his business. There must be no diversion. He must be wholly in his affairs if he is to be a successful business man.

His home is that from which he goes to his work, and that to which he returns from his work. It is very important that a man shall enter upon the morning serene. To that end all about his house ought to be quiet and sweet. Wife and children and servants ought to study in physical and mental needs. He should go down from his doorstep crowned with so many benedictions that he shall long for the hour which will allow him to return. Then there will be to him nothing behind in the way of bitter memories, and nothing before in the way of harassing anticipations to break the full power which he shall bring to his work.

Business over, he should lock his door behind him, and go home to be at home. The jaded toiler ought to enter a balmy atmosphere. The gentle wife, the loving children, the trained servants, should give to this resting-place a charm which makes him forget his cares, his anxieties, and his "bull" and "bear" fights down on the Exchange.

All these deliciously soothing attentions should come spontaneously. In his home the business man must not be exacting. Perhaps the wife has had a day of trial. It is not always easy to manage domestic affairs. Servants are not always angels that, having lost their wings in heaven, have come down to human kitchens. The children don't always feel well, and they sometimes torment their mother, and their mother torments them. But each partner in the domestic establishment should, as far as possible, keep annoying details from the other partner—the wife from the husband, and the husband from the wife. The business man, after business hours, ought not to "talk shop." Reading, music, conversation, rollicking plays, religious devotions in the season thereof, these should fill up the hours after business. The man of business should not repel his children because he is tired or because he wants to think. He has no right to be thinking about his business after the hours. Let his children climb over him. Let them fetch him down on his all-fours; let them straddle him, let them chase him round the chairs. Let them be gladder to have their father come home than to have any angel out of heaven drop down in their midst. It will not only be better for the children and the wife and the whole domestic circle, but in an especial manner it will be better for the business man himself. He will go back to his work fresher, stronger, and like a giant.

But if the business man be so unfortunate as to have no home circle, let him be careful in regard to one thing, namely: that he abstain from all studies connected with his business. If he be engaged during the day in finance, don't let him read the newspapers in those portions where they give an account of stocks. Let him frequent no business club, but if he must go to a club, let it

be one of artists, or of men engaged in any other business but his own. Let him set himself systematically to give a certain number of hours before sleep to the study of some subject as remote as possible from that which engages his attention in business hours.

Some time ago we were at a book auction, where an acquaintance of ours, who had been a professor of Greek, purchased a costly book on the higher mathematics employed in civil engineering. Upon our inquiring what in the world he wanted with that, he told us that he had purchased it for a certain gentleman in Wall Street. This person never was an engineer and never expected to be engaged in that business. He was in large financial operations, and making money rapidly; but he had been wise enough to discover that, if he thought all day and all night upon the same subject, the unrelaxed tension of his powers would take away their elasticity, and so he set himself down doggedly three hours every evening, studying engineering, just because it was so far removed from the question upon which he employed his powers during the rest of the day. This was eminently wise.

Sunday comes after business, after all the business days of a week. Sunday ought to be a day of mental as well as spiritual repose. It is not a day on which to read hard books on theology. Even the clergyman must abandon his studies on that day. We must have repose and quiet and refreshment. That is the reason why even intellectual men, when they go to church, don't wish to hear great sermons. "Great sermons" are a delusion and a snare. Men ought not to pursue a long course of hard thinking on Sunday. Business men can employ their nights reading treatises on theology and metaphysics; and this would do them good. But after all the strain of the week it is a mistake to ask even intellectual men to listen to long arguments. They want that which will quicken the moral sense, while it soothes the tired spirit; which will lessen the cares of the world and the heart, and put wind under the tired wings of the spirit to lift it up.

It is wise to learn the uses and adjustment of things. It is not always "in business"; sometimes it is "after business." But in "business" we should do that, and only that, which will make the employment of "after business" sweet; and the employments of "after business" should be such as will make the hours in "business" as sweet and refreshing as they are powerful and productive.—Sunday Magazine.

## DUTY AS ROSE TERRY COOKE SEES IT.

Some of you appear to doubt if you can decide for yourselves what your vocation in life is. Do not hurry. "Do the duty that liest nearest thee: the rest will follow." Learn to do well the simplest, commonest things; these all fit you for the future. And do not, above all, fall into that silly, childish cant of hating "duty," and doing things only for "love." It is the fatal weakness of these days that love is exalted, not merely above but in place of all other virtues; that self-denial, self-control, courage, endurance, are all set aside for the sake of love, which is perverted to mean indolence and self-indulgence. This is not the love of the Bible, but a counterfeit weakness out of which spring evils innumerable, even in the very bosom of our homes and churches. Duty is the very breath of God and the outcome of love to Him, as surely as warmth is born of fire. Adhere to this, and the path of life will unfold before you and the voice of the Lord say to your souls: "This is the way; walk ye in it." And by duty I do not mean great action, suffering, or sacrifice, but the petty detail of daily life; patience with noisy, quarrelsome, perverse children; obedience to parents; devotion to the comfort and pleasure of those about you; attention to your own health, temper and appearance; a study of economy and neatness in the household; and, when the in-doors duty is done, there remains always some lonely person to visit and cheer, some kindly, neighborly act to perform; some church-work to help in. Be faithful over these few things, Mary Ann, and the work of your life will find you out in good time and welcome you.—Sunday Afternoon for August.

## THE EDUCATING POWER OF A ROOM.

Some of you who resolutely put all the pretty things away, and live always in the darkest and gloomiest corner of the house, forget the educating power there is in the room. School and books and teachers and companions are not the only influences which are moulding character in your children. Every picture on the wall, the tints of the paper, and the pleasant or disorderly arrangement of the house, have a share in making the boys and girls pure-minded and sweet-natured, or the reverse.

## VICTIMS OF INTemperance.

A lady who opposed the strict temperance principles of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, while at a party, at his suggestion undertook to think over the families of her acquaintance and note the effects of intemperance among them. After half an hour she returned, her eyes filled with tears, exclaiming, "O, Governor Briggs! how could you ask me to do such a thing at a party? I am appalled; it is so dreadful to find that I do not know a family that does not number a victim; and some have had all their brightest and best fall by it—fathers, husbands and children. It is too dreadful to think of! I would not have believed it. You are quite right, and I will never ask you to drink wine, nor ever call you fanatical for not taking it."—Bishop Taylor.

## THE POOR HAVE YE ALWAYS.

"We seem to live here as if the poor were not in the same world with us."

"Alas! alas!" her guide replied, "we have lived so too long, but we are waking up now to the question asked nearly two thousand years ago, 'Who is my neighbor?' waking up to see that neighbor perishing! but here we are at their dwellings;" and, taking her from a carriage, they entered an alley, and Jane looked upon the poor—wretched, gloomy, and filthy, squatted down on the doorsteps of miserable houses that rose high above them, leaning out from the windows with faces unsoftened by one gleam of feeling—men lounging in idleness, with glances that boded only evil; children are in rags, their young life being poisoned and blighted beneath their baneful inheritance of crime, when it might have been budding and blooming in beauty and fragrance.

Jane shuddered, and for a moment stood appalled, and trembled on the arm that supported her. "O, what children of misery!" she faintly exclaimed; and then with the free native instinct of her heart left the arm that had guided her, and turned alone to a door-step, where a woman sat weeping. Her guide turned to another group, and when he looked round again for Jane the woman's wailing had ceased, her face was raised to the one that bent over her; he caught not the words, but they seemed to make impression on the listener, and not on her alone, the presence of human sympathy was felt amongst the human beings there bound in the lowest depths of misery; a softened gaze had stolen over the lowering eyes around; their gloom was perceptibly lightened. Jane's guide now waited in readiness to go. O, did not then some angel of mercy, hovering near them unseen, say, in tones not audible to earth, "O child of heaven, pass not so quickly away! Far hidden in these dwellings of misery, at this moment, there beats faintly one young broken heart. Could you but come to her, your voice would breathe blessing on the dying; she remembers well the tones of Divine truth and love. Could you but find her, it might be the opening of the prison to one that is bound. She was born far away, where the depths of the wild woods embosomed her home; where she woke at the carol of the birds, and sang her holy hymns in response; where murmuring bee gathered honey from the thyme, and the primrose and violet jewelled the glades, where Sabbath after Sabbath her young step dashed the dew drop as she hastened with her Bible to the distant Sunday-school, conning aloud the record of love, to which angels stooped to listen as she hastened along. But now, in the hidden recesses of this wilderness of woe, she is fading away; she does not write to her mother; she thinks it would break her mother's heart to know all, and she would rather die uncared for than do that. You, could you reach her, might write on Earth's latest memory the record of human compassion, and illumine its last ray with a sunbeam from Heaven!" But no; our ears hear not the whispers of angels. She who to the utmost would have met the demand passed in unconsciousness away; but her influence lingered when her footsteps were gone, and dark hearts around were left better disposed to whatever heavenly appeal might next follow.

From that hour Jane gave her heart to those children of misery. She would devote her time and thoughts to them, and seek to interest others for them. She would sit at her grandsire's knee, telling him of those children of misery, until the tears rolled down his cheek at the pathos of her words, and his purse was at his grandchild's disposal; but personal self-denial kept Jane always rich for the poor. And all the splendor that attends on the circles of wealth was attuned to Jane by the ceaseless remembrance of the dark haunts of misery and crime.

The dying daughter of sorrow—whom Jane might not reach—had she any comforter? No footsteps of friend-

ship drew near her. Her childhood's pastor had her in his heart; the time was not distant when he would trace her sad steps through those dark regions of crime, where ruffian lips would be constrained by a sudden surprise of a strange emotion to give evidence to him—standing alone with his pastoral staff, fearless before them; guided from one to another, he will at length hear of her wrongs, her sorrows, her tears; but over her the grave had closed before the pastor drew near. No voice of earthly tenderness again fell on her ear, no hand of affection laid her dying head on its pillow,—but we grieve not for her. No crime stands recorded in her pathway of sorrow; she had been early trained in the way she should go; we trust that she has gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Nor need we believe her dying moments unsoothed. It may have been, that when the stupor of death steeped her miseries in slumber, she heard sounds celestial, and thought them the songs of the wild birds that build their nests near the distant cottage home. It may have been, in the faintness of death, that she felt the waving of angel pinions, and thought it the breeze-bending boughs of the forest trees near her home; heard, it might be, the one human voice that alone can utter, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest;" turned to it, as though it were her mother's, and that moment departed to find it His who has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Not for her do we grieve, but for those whom no man has taught, and who, therefore, know not the things that belong unto their peace; for those who perish, and no man regardeth it.—The Ministry of Life.

## SOLVED.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

A few poor, shapeless fragments,  
Mute witnesses of strife,  
Scattered along the roadside;  
This is all my life!

But I have looked at a lily,  
Stately upon its stem,—  
Fairer and far more perfect  
Than a diadem,—

Born from litter and leavings  
(Like these that strew the road),  
Just where the hovel's master  
Flung down his load.

If out of a stable's sweepings  
A royal flower could spring,  
Can I climb through shame and failure  
To some good thing?

Since my shame is for my failure  
And for my want of strength,  
Struggling long but broken  
Down at length,

No more I join life's fragments  
Painfully with my hands,  
They are drifting along the roadside  
Over the sands,

Blown by the wind of the evening  
Away, abroad, and afar,  
And above in the clouded heavens  
I see no star.

God, I sit here unburdened,  
With hands that are empty and free,  
Of my life there is nothing left me  
But the love of Thee!

And Thy love of me— And I murmured!  
Am I blind! This is all of life.  
And to think that I could not know it,  
Till I gave up strife!

—S. S. Times.

## WISE SAWS.

The only wages never reduced: the wages of sin. Ignorance has no light: error follows a false one. Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing. There is no grief like the grief which does not speak. He who chatters to no purpose climbs a tree to catch fish. He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver. It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it. Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves. The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men. Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take the fish while you are sleeping. In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity. The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves. People who do wrong seldom have any difficulty in finding out excuses and justifications for it.—The Christian.

## MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE ZULUS.

The marriage customs of the Zulus are unlike those of other savages. When a man wants to marry a woman, he goes to the father and purchases her for twelve head of cattle. If after a certain time she bears no children, the husband demands back from the father the cattle given for the wife, and the father is bound, according to Zulu law, to return them. If children are born, and they are daughters, the heart of the father re-

joices, for they represent so many head of cattle for which he can sell them, thus getting back the price he had given for his wife, and often much more. Moreover, women till the soil in Zululand, men being reserved for the nobler office of knocking others, or being themselves knocked, on the head, according to circumstances. Every woman has a hut of her own, so that on entering a village the traveler can ascertain the number of women living there by counting the huts.

## THINGS EASY AND NOT EASY.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest. It is easy to say the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say the church would be all right if the minister would preach and do as he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the best side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity, which outweigh all the grumbling of all the growlers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. The church is doing good work for the world, and even the growlers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." 1 Tim. v. 4. Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

**MILK TOAST FOR INVALIDS.** Toast your bread a nice brown, dip each slice as it comes from the toaster into boiling water, butter and salt slightly, and lay in a covered dish. Have ready in a saucepan enough boiling milk, slightly thickened, about like cream, and pour over your dish of toast; cover closely and let stand five minutes. It is much improved by using a part of Graham bread. This will be found nice for tea.

**COCOANUT PUDDING.** Soak three table-spoonfuls of tapioca in a little cold water over night; boil one quart of milk; add tapioca and boil ten minutes, then add yolks of four eggs, three table-spoonfuls of either fresh or desiccated cocoanut, one cup of sugar; boil ten minutes, turn into a dish to cool; beat the whites to a froth, add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, spread on the top, sprinkle with cocoanut and set it in the oven to brown a little.

**MOSQUITOES AND RATS.** The Scientific American says, if a bottle of oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito, or any other bloodsucker, will be found there in the morning. Mix potash with powdered meal, and throw it into the rat-holes of a cellar, and the rats will depart. If a rat or mouse gets into your pantry, stuff in its hole a rag saturated with a solution of cayenne pepper, and no rat or mouse will touch the rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

**BAKED BEANS.** Soak them over night, then boil in fresh water until very nearly done and tender, adding more hot water occasionally to keep them from getting too dry. We do not like them very greasy, so a small piece of sweet pickled pork, as we happen to have it, is cooked with the beans. When all is done we take out the meat and run the beans and liquor through a sieve, thus ridding them of the skins, which we do not like. And when we want baked beans we fill a small tin pan with this bean pulp and juice, place a few bits of butter on the top and brown and bake it for dinner. Some might prefer slices of the boiled pork on top; anyhow, the butter is a change.

**ORANGE OR LEMON CAKE.** A full table-spoonful of butter, one teacup sugar (pulverized), two teacups flour, half a cup milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful carbonate of soda and two eggs. Grease well three pie plates and then put in a bowl of sugar and flour, and add the cream tartar and soda; then in a separate bowl put the yolks of the eggs and the milk and add the whites of the eggs well whipped; knead one table-spoonful butter with the flour; mix all the ingredients quickly together and put into the pie plates, smoothing slightly with a knife, and bake about seven minutes in a moderate oven. For the icing—Grate the rind of one lemon or one orange and strain over it the juice, whip to a stiff froth the white of one egg and add three table-spoonfuls of sugar, then pour over them the juice of the lemon or orange and the grated rind. Spread this icing between the layers and on the top of the cake.



## Miscellaneous.

## SEPTEMBER.

## AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

A pitiless, drenching autumn rain,  
Down adown it steadily came;  
Smiling September veiled her face,  
And sighed and mourned with tenderest grace.

Sir Humble Bee fled to his deep, warm nest,  
Safe in the shelter of clovers to rest;  
Little birds peeped out from trembling leaves,  
Each one the promise of sunlight believes.

Snowy, fragrant tuberose bells  
Ring sweetly over the vales and dells;  
Spicy chrysanthemums whisper of frost,  
Of a Summer fair just gone, not lost.

Golden corn stands shocked in the fields,  
Bringing to mind rich harvest yields;  
Grey mists enwrap the earth and sky—  
We dream of castles no wealth could buy.

Shadowy twilight comes falling down,  
The lamps are lit and curtains drawn;  
We gather round the early wood-fire,  
While the wind-harps mourn like a fairy lyre.

Sweet Memory counts her treasures o'er—  
Rich gems and gifts a priceless store;  
There comes a vision so bright and fair,  
Blue eyes and tangled skaining hair—

Restless fingers, unwearied feet,  
Ne'er going astray in the golden street;  
One flower added to Paradise blest,  
One safe from the storm in peaceful rest.

—Exchange.

## ROCK-CRYSTAL.

In every house of the better sort in Japan there is a tokonoma, or raised special place for keeping objects of art and beauty. The evolution of the æsthetic out of the useful is nowhere better illustrated than in the history of the tokonoma, which was anciently the sleeping-place, or recess for the bed. Now it is a place of honor, occupying one-half of a side of the parlor or best room, its finish and appointments being superior to those of any other part of the house. It is a recess two feet deep, and raised four or six inches above the matting-covered floor. In it hang suspended on the wall a kakemono, or scroll-painting on silk, a bronze or porcelain vase of flowers, a fan-holder with its tiers of open fans ready for use, besides other works characteristic of native art.

One of the objects often seen is a dai, or stand, gold-lacquered, or made of perfumed, carved, or rare wood. The dai is one or two feet high, and has on the top a black velvet or crimson crape cushion, or a silver claw, whereon reposes a globe of rock-crystal. Pure, flawless, transparent, a perfect sphere, it seems like a bubble of spring-water hovering in the air. Often the dai, or stand, is a piece of elaborate art in bronze, porcelain, or lacquer, representing a beetling crag or lofty inaccessible rock, crested with the flawless jewel. Around the base the waves curl and foam, and up the side moves in crackling coil a jealous dragon, with eager, outstretched jaws, and claws ready to grasp and bear away the precious prize. Or on a pyramid of waves hardened in bronze, with silver foam-flecks on the polish of the rolling mass, will repose inviolate the gem sphere.

The Japanese virtuoso loves to have among his collection at least one bronze of wave and stormy petrel, where, amid the recesses of the hooked foam, nestle a half-dozen or more of small crystal balls, from the size of a marble to that of an apple. In nearly all Japanese art and bric-a-brac stores will be seen these gems on sale, and unless the foreign buyer's nerves are very strong, the prices asked will be very likely to startle him as though he had been touched by an electric eel.

The merest tyro in Japanese art, be he admirer or purchaser, cannot have failed to notice the dragon clutching in his claw a ball or a pear-shaped jewel. In the various forms of their art-expression, crystal, both in China and Japan, commands a high value, both pecuniary and symbolic. In the airy realms of imagination, and in the markets where men buy and sell, rock-crystal is among the precious things.—*Harper's Magazine*.

## HOW THE SALMON FOUND HIS WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

There used to be "merchant-princes;" there are still squatter-princes. Among the number, Sir Samuel Wilson, who went out when a boy from the County Down, in Ireland, and settled in Victoria, is conspicuous for public spirit, intelligence and generosity. He it was who gave £30,000 for the building of a hall for the Melbourne University; and he it is to whom the colony of Victoria owes the introduction of the salmon, with all the train of economic potentialities implied by that great and difficult achievement. To his favorite project for the benefit of his adopted country, the stocking of its rivers with fish, especially with salmon, Sir Samuel Wil-

son has devoted great care, study, and effort on it, he has expended much money, and at length, after enough of failure to have disheartened any less persevering person, he has succeeded in placing salmon-fry in all the Victorian streams of any note. The earliest immigrants—100,000 salmon and 3,000 trout-ova—went out, packed in moss and charcoal, in 200 boxes, on board the *Norfolk* in 1864; and all the trout now in Australia and New Zealand are the descendants of the fish hatched from the 3,000 ova which were a present from Mr. Buckland to Mr. Youl, C. M. G., who have both devoted simply unlimited zeal, labor, and care to the problem. They made their voyage of seventy-seven days, in an ice house built to receive them, and surrounded with thirty-two tons of ice. The trout did well, though only a small number reached maturity, and spawned in the ponds of the River Plenty, whence they were distributed over many rivers and streams; but the salmon failed then, and in some subsequent instances. And in Victoria its acclimatization was given up, for it was thought the temperature of the rivers was too high for the fish, for he is partial to slightly frozen waters in the winter. Eight years later, Sir Samuel Wilson, who had ascertained that the Californian salmon could bear heat better than the English, had 25,000 ova sent from San Francisco to Melbourne. But the supply of ice proved insufficient, the fish hatched out and perished, and all was lost for the time. In 1875, nothing daunted, he joined the New Zealand Government in a shipment of 20,000 ova from England, one-half to be for Victoria. Mr. Buckland and Mr. Youl again superintended the despatch of the interesting emigrants, but again the heat destroyed the ova, and only five fish were hatched, these at Sir Samuel Wilson's own place, Ercildoune. The New Zealand moiety was more prosperous, owing to the low temperature of the rivers. Again Sir Samuel Wilson resolved to import Californian salmon-ova, and to undertake the care of them, personally, during their hatching and distribution in the Victorian rivers; and this task he has fulfilled, under conditions which make strange chapters in what may well be called a "fairytale of science." The Californian variety is *Salmo gairdneri*, or "the glittering salmon," a lustrous, lusty creature, amazingly prolific, and of very curious habits. There are three ascents of the rivers each year, and so far as has yet been ascertained, the adult fish all die after spawning. They never eat after they leave the sea, and on their long journey die of starvation. Here are two wonderful facts:—"In the McCloud River, the source of which is 3,500 feet above the sea, they have to ascend rapids for thirty miles. In the Snake River, the sources of which are eastward of the Great Salt Lake, the journey that they have to make to their spawning-grounds is about 1,000 miles." They have a somewhat ferocious look, caused by the expression of the eyes, and the presence in the jaws of enormous, pointed teeth, sometimes half-an-inch in length. As they never eat in fresh water, they are useless for purposes of sport, not to be tempted by the fly. The facts and figures respecting the "preserving industry" on the Pacific coast of the United States are bewildering in their magnitude; the economic value of such a food-product in the new habitat provided for it, is scarcely to be exaggerated.—*The Spectator*.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FACES.

When I landed, one of the very few differences that I observed between the people whom I had left and those among whom I had come was a calmer and serenest expression of countenance. This in the descending scale of intelligence became a stolid look, the outward sign of mental sluggishness. But, higher or lower, in degree or in kind, there it was,—placidity instead of a look of intentness and anxiety. Now, to suppose that this difference is caused by less thoughtfulness, less real anxiety, less laboriousness on the part of the Englishman, is to draw a conclusion directly in face of the facts. The toil and struggle of life is harder in England than it is here: poor men are more driven by necessity; rich men think more; among all classes, except the frivolous part of the aristocracy (not a large class), there is more mental strain, more real anxiety, than there is here, where all the material conditions of life are easier, and where there is less care for political and social matters. Why, then, this difference of look? I am inclined to think that it is due, in a great measure, to difference of climate,—not to such effect of climate upon organization as makes a difference in the physical man, but to a result of climate which is almost mechanical, and which operates directly upon each individual. Briefly, I think that an expression of anxiety is given to the "Ameri-

can" face by an effort to resist the irritating effect of our sun and wind. Watch the people as they pass you on a bright, windy day, and you will see that their brows are contracted, their eyes half closed, and their faces set to resist the glare of the sun and the flare of the wind; and besides, in winter they are stung with the cold, in summer scorched with the heat. For about three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five they undergo this irritation, and brace themselves to meet it. Now, a scowling brow, half-closed eyes, and a set face, unite to make an anxious, disturbed, struggling expression of countenance, whether the man is really anxious, disturbed, and struggling, or not. By the experience of years this look becomes more or less fixed in the majority of "American" faces.

In England, on the contrary, there is comparatively no glare of the sun, and little wind. The former assertion will be received without question by those who have been in both countries; but the latter may be doubted, and may be regarded as strange, coming from a man who before he had been on English land forty-eight hours was almost blown bodily off Chester walls, and came near being wrecked in the Mersey. In fact, there are not unfrequently in England wind storms of a severity which, if not unknown, is of the greatest rarity in the United States or in Canada. We have records of such storms in England in the past; we read announcements of them at the present day. I had experience of one there more severe than any that I remember here, and heard little or nothing said about it. But in England, when a storm is over, the wind goes down. Here, on the contrary, our "clearing up" after a storm is effected by the setting in of a north-west wind, against which it is at first toilsome to walk, and which continues to blow out of a cloudless sky for days, with a virulence quite diabolical. Because it does not rain or snow, people call the weather fine, and delude themselves with the notion that the wind is "bracing;" but nevertheless they go about with scowling brows, watery eyes, and set faces, as they brace themselves up to endure it. On my return this wind met me nearly two hundred miles at sea. It was something like the like of which I had not felt once while out of reach of American shores. The air was as clear as a diamond; the sky was as blue as sapphire and as hard as steel; the moon, about fifty thousand miles higher than it was in England, blazed with a cold, cheerless light; life seemed made up of bright points; and the wind blew from the north-west, not tempestuously or in gusts, but with a sterd, overbearing persistence, for which nothing in Nature affords any simile: it is itself alone. I knew that I was near home. There is nothing of this kind in England. Not only did I not find it in my brief experience, but I never heard of it, nor of it is there any record. The absence of it there and the presence of it here, may, I think, be reasonably regarded as a very important influence in the fashioning the facial habit of the people of the two countries. All the more does this seem probable, because I have observed that "Americans" who reside in England for a few years generally lose, in a great measure, if not entirely, the look in question, and on their return to their own shores soon acquire it again. Of course there are numerous exceptions to these remarks in both countries.—*July Atlantic*.

## CHRISTIAN NAMES.

The custom of persons bearing two "Christian names" is of comparatively recent origin in England. An author, who has had occasion to search many volumes of old country records, and who has seen "many thousands and tens of thousands of proper names belonging to men of all ranks and degrees," says that in no instance, down to the end of the reign of Anne, has he noticed any person having more than one Christian name. The first instance which occurs in the county records was in 1717, when Sir Copplestone Warwick Bainfield appears as a justice. The first instances which the same author has met in any other place are those of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, born 1608, and Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, created a baronet in 1641. Both of these appear to have been named after the eldest son of James I., who was born in Scotland. William III., who was a Dutchman, was the first King of England who bore two Christian names.

In the Rotorua district, New Zealand, are several hot springs, one of which at least differs essentially from any other thermal spring of which we have any knowledge. This is Tapul Te Kouth, a pool eighty feet deep, with a temperature of 90° to 100° when the wind is westerly or southerly; but if a change of wind to north or east takes place the wa-

ter rises four feet and the temperature to 180°.

## Selections.

A CHILD—God's problem waiting man's solution.

I will not be so merry as to forget God; nor so sorrowful, to forget myself.—*Bishop Hall*.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

Fortune is usually called fickle, but she seldom bestows her favors upon those who idly spend their time in importuning her without making any bold attempt to win her.

Enjoy what is within your reach. Don't go wandering after strange flowers, when fairer ones grow in your own gardens; for, in reaching after distant treasures, we are apt to let go those we have.

Don't ask favors if you can avoid it, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and, if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue than the confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and, by assuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard.

When you speak evil of another you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which comes back to the same place and covers him all over."

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept up by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is monarch.

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord;  
Largely Thy gifts should be restored.  
Freely Thou givest; and Thy word  
Is, "Freely give;"  
He only who forgets to hoard  
Has learned to live.

—Keble.

If we are partakers of Christ's death we are also partakers of His life; if we have any such appreciation of His love in dying for us as to lead us to confide in the merit of His death, we shall be constrained to consecrate our lives to His service. And this is the only evidence of the genuineness of our faith.—*Hodge*.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.

Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of truth and time.

—Whittier.

## Science and Art.

A great historical picture by Delaruche, representing the consequences of the Bastille carrying its keys to the Hotel de Ville will be placed in the new Paris Hotel de Ville.

Dr. Braumuller, an Austrian mining engineer, states that, in the subterranean waters of the "Fortschritt" coal mine, in the Dux District, Bohemia, regular tides have been observed for the last six months. The Berlin and the Vienna Academies of Science are devoting much attention to this phenomenon.

William H. Vanderbilt has purchased for 25,000 francs an important picture by Emile van Marcke, and his only contribution to the late Salon, *Herbage a Soreng* (Seine-Inferieure) as the picture is called, represents cattle in a wooded pasture. The two principal figures are a white cow, lying down, and a dark-colored one which stands by her, rubbing its neck on an inclined tree trunk.

PRESERVING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—The London Metropolitan Board of Works recently took in hand the subject of preserving their Cleopatra's Needle, which had caused so much trouble to float it to its destination. After consultation with experts, it was decided to grant to one Henry Browning the job of cleaning and coating the monolith with a solution of his own invention. The effect, says the *Times*, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. In operating upon the granite, Mr. Browning first gave it a thorough cleansing, removing all the sooty and greasy matters from the surface, and indurated it with his invisible preservative solution. The effect has been to give a freshness to the granite as if only just chiseled from the rock, retaining the original color, disclosing the several veins, the white spar shining in the sun's rays like crystals, and exhibiting the polished portions as they formerly existed. More than this, the "intaglio" or the hieroglyphic engravings, come out far more pointedly than before, and the injuries the stone has received are now plainly distinguishable from the hieroglyphics. The solution soaks well into the pores of the granite, and the best authorities consider that it will have the effect of thoroughly preserving the monolith for centuries yet to come.

## Personal.

The ex-Khedive of Egypt has a fortune, it is said, of \$80,000,000, and yet, so deeply ingrained in his character is the habit of assumed poverty that he has been humbly writing to his son, the present ruler, for a small sum for urgent and immediate need. Tewfik, on the contrary, is represented as a pattern of economy.

Madame Bonaparte's severely simple tomb has been erected over her grave in Greenmount Cemetery. The inscription, in plain Roman text, reads: "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth, daughter of William Patterson and wife of Jerome Bonaparte. Born February 6, 1785, died April 4, 1879. 'After life's fitful fever she sleeps well.'"

Sir Garnet Wolseley, according to the Zulu land correspondent of the *London Standard*, offered 10,000 head of cattle for King Cetshwayo, alive or dead. "It is difficult to believe," says the *Standard*, "that an English General could have sought to bring about the murder of a man who, be he what he may, is

a crowned King—crowned by our own hands—who has simply resisted the invasion of his country. It is certain that the real difficulties of our position will only begin with the destruction of his power. When that iron rule is broken, what is to take its place?"

Bismarck is reported as saying that the popular estimate of him, giving him credit for great shrewdness, is wrong. "The first thing I always do," he said, "in any critical movement is to ascertain the will of Providence, and then I halt behind it as well as I can; otherwise I would have made the greatest mistakes and done incalculable mischief." Bismarck invited Dr. Wiesinger to dinner twice this summer, and openly confessed his Christian sentiments. He reads the New Testament and the collection of Scripture texts annually issued by the Moravian Church, under the name of the "Losungsbuch."

## Books and Periodicals.

UNCLE JOHN VASSAR; OR, THE FIGHT OF FAITH. By Rev. T. E. Vassar. Introduction by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D. 12mo., 218 pages, with a fine Steel Engraving of "Uncle John." Handsome Cloth and Gilt Binding. Price \$1.00. American Tract Society. For sale by Walter B. Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

This book makes some record of an active Christian man, in whose piety every one had confidence. He was especially distinguished for his cheerful discriminating work as a colporteur during the late Civil War, and now that his life has been written, it will be read with interest by thousands.

UP AND DOWN THE MERRIMAC. A Vacation Trip. By Pliny Steele Boyd. Idle Hour Series. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 50 cts.

The scenery through which the Merrimac River flows has formed the subject of some of Whittier's sweetest poems, and those who have wandered along its banks and drank in its innumerable beauties, assert that half of its loveliness has not been described. The author of this volume, indeed, no doubt, by accounts of similar voyages by vacationists over famous European rivers, determined last season upon a trip over its waters from its mouth toward its source, and the results of that determination we have before us. Mr. Boyd is a pleasant writer, and with such a subject he could hardly have escaped making a delightful book. He tells us about the preparations for the voyage, the start, his companions, and the jolly good times they had, going up and coming down the river. These companions were his two boys, lads given to much fishing and shooting, and to hilarity in general. But the charm of the book does not wholly consist of its descriptions. The author is a shrewd thinker, and his reflections upon men and things which run through its pages make it peculiarly attractive.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GENERAL GRANT. By John Russell Young. New York, Subscription Department, The American News Company. Sold by Subscription only. Completed in twenty parts. Price 50 cents a part.

We have received the ninth and tenth parts of this admirable work, from the publishers, through their branch office, at 907 Arch St., Philadelphia. They complete the first volume, which covers six hundred and thirty-one pages. Another volume of a similar size will complete the series.

The present numbers commence with the closing pages of the chapter relating to Austria and France. Then follow chapters nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two and twenty-three. The first and third of these describe what was seen in Spain; the second, relates to Portugal; the fourth, to Ireland, and the fifth, to the Red Sea and India. It will be thus seen, that the progress of the distinguished travelers brings them into the midst of increasingly interesting scenes, which adds greatly to the attractions of the work.

This work grows in popularity among all classes of persons, and especially among those of cultivated tastes, as its successive issues make their appearance. We are not surprised, that such is the case. Not only have all the promises of the publisher, as to its character, been fully met, but in many respects, they are greatly surpassed. The scenes described continually grow in interest, and the numerous illustrations which stand the work as so many gems, have not only been most happily chosen, but also executed in the very best style, by the most distinguished artists of the age.

We are not surprised to find, that others than the enterprising publishers, seeing the outcome there is in this popular work, and greedy of gain, are trying, in various ways, to intrude upon their rightful domain, even at the expense of the more unsophisticated portion of the public. Nor are we any the more surprised at the fact, that all such vain pretenders are evidently destined to meet with the failure, their unwarranted course so justly merits at the hands of a discriminating community. The original projectors of this praiseworthy enterprise not only deserve to receive the generous patronage to which they are justly entitled, but we also note, in the end, fall of their reward. Of this fact, their success up to the present time furnishes the incontrovertible evidence. We heartily wish them most ample continued prosperity.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of THE LIVING AGE for the weeks ending September 20th and 27th and October 4th, respectively, contain the following articles: The English Monarchy, Quarterly; History and Politics, by PROF. SHELLEY; A New Vocation for Women; and An Editor's Troubles, Macmillan; The Queen of the Whigs, Temple Bar; Justice to William, Cornhill; Readers, Blackwood; Charles Tennyson, Turner; and A Dialogue on Human Happiness, by William H. Mallon, Nineteenth Century; The Paradise of Editors; and The Old Records of the India Office, Examiner; Mr. GLANVILLE on Marketable Beauty; The Retrocession of Kuldja; Robbery; and Gossip about Gardens, Spectator; Caves of Proboscic Man in Moravia, Allgem. Zeitung; with the concluding portions of JEAN ISGLOW'S "Sarah de Berenger," and of MISS TYTLER'S "The Bride's Pass;" and the whole of "A Little Story" by Claud Templar; and the usual amount of Poetry.

As a new volume, printed from new type, begins with the first number in October, this is a good time to subscribe. The opening chapters of a story by MRS. OLIPHANT, "HE WHO WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY," printed from advance sheets, will appear in the course of the volume.

For fifty-two such numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., publishers.

WIDE AWAKE FOR OCTOBER, 1879. WIDE AWAKE for October opens with a frontispiece that all the boys will enjoy, and which illustrates Rev. I. L. Beman's true story of "Hunting Deer." This is followed by an interesting article from Mary Wager-Fisher on the "Philadelphia Reform School," with thirteen pen and ink drawings by Hermann Faber. Then comes a capital story about "Polly's Temptation," with a charming drawing by "Champ," who also has a full-page drawing for Mrs. Lizzie W. Chapman's "Trotting Song." Two other full-page illustrated poems are S. C. Stone's "How they Received the King," and "The Weed's Mission," by Margaret Eyttinge. "Nip and Tuck" is a very funny story, with very funny pictures, by Eleanor Kirk. "How the Penny Family Lived," is a capital true sketch, by Amanda B. Harris, of a family that reside in a rail-car the year round. "The Boy that would Climb Trees," by Janet Caruthers, is another good short story. In "St. Olave's" the story has reached an exciting climax, and Archbishop's reading of the cypher proved to be correct, while in the "Dogberry Bunch," part of that interesting family story in noisy Chicago.

There is also a nice pictorial story for little folks about "Fred's Pet," an article about Mr. Dr. Johnson and his Times, and a glimpse "In Belgium," by Mrs. Alfred Macr, while "Don Quixote, Jr.," meets with an Indian fighter, and big Story Teller.

In Mr. Benjamin's "American Artists" Series, No. X., relates to Wordsworth Thompson, the young historical painter, and has some excellent engravings. Only \$2.00 a year. Ella Farman, editor. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,  
Rev. A. R. KREMER,  
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1879.

### WALKING MATCHES.

A despatch to the Associated Press in this city, estimates the receipts at the walking match in New York last week, at \$80,000. Of this amount, the winner will get about \$25,000, making, with the entrance fees \$32,000, which, is a great deal more than a man could make with his legs before the days of sensational pedestrianism. The man Rowell, who won the Astley belt, made \$20,000 in some former contest.

These contests only show the endurance of certain trained men, and do nothing to encourage regular healthful exercise among the masses. They are utterly demoralizing, and some of the scenes accompanying them have been vulgar and brutal. We wonder that the leading secular papers, give so much space to the accounts of these things, not omitting detailed statements of the way the bets stand; but when it is remembered, that all this money pours in from people, whose tastes run in such directions, it is easy to see that the journals are impelled to meet a popular demand. Some of the sensational dailies are entirely dependent upon such things for their existence, and others that profess to make them merely incidental, must follow in the line of march, to keep up with the times. A paper that would not give the last score of a base-ball club, or tell how many wickets were down in a cricket match, at the time of going to press, would not be bought by a large class of persons. But does the dog wag the tail, or the tail the dog? Do the papers lead and make popular sentiment, or simply yield to the current? That is the question. It seems to us, that our national games, and athletic sports in general, are getting the upper hand of morality.

Without any "preachment," the whole subject reminds us, of old St. Anthony, when he saw the harlot throwing her whole soul into the dance, and contrasted it with the inactivity of Christians, who had no zest in the cause of their Lord. We will undertake to say, that if a poll could be made, nine out of ten of the thousands who crowded around the "walkists" in New York, would claim to be poor, and yet in the midst of hard times, they have found money to gratify their perverted tastes; but if the poorer classes of servants of the Lord were asked to raise \$80,000 to save and establish some worthy young institution of learning, or replenish the treasury of a missionary Board, they would groan under it as under grievous taxation. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

### THE SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The late Synod at Lebanon, Pa., at the recommendation of its Sunday-school Board, resolved that the Scripture Lessons for the use of Sunday-schools be hereafter selected and prepared by a committee of three persons, one of whom to be appointed by each of the Synods represented in the Board of Publication. It chose the Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, as its representative in this committee, and respectfully asks the other two Synods to accede to this arrangement, and to appoint each also, its representative in the committee. The measure seems to be a good one. It will secure combined talent on these important papers, and also tend to unite the three Synods more generally in their use. The number heretofore printed and circulated is large. Still, it will admit of being greatly increased.

As the Synod of the Potomac meets late in the present month, but little time will remain after the close of its sessions, until the close of the year. It will, therefore, be highly desirable, that the committee should meet as early as possible, after its number has been filled. We have thought proper to call attention thus early to this fact, and trust our suggestion will be kindly received and acted upon. The Lesson papers to the close of the present year have been prepared. The labors of the proposed committee will be devoted to the preparation of those, which will commence with the opening of the incoming year. The copy for the first month of the year ought to be in the hands of the printer early in December. Hence the urgency for an early meeting of the committee to which we have referred. F.

### THE PEACE MEASURE.

The course which matters have taken in the Church generally, since the peace movement was inaugurated by the General Synod, is such as to inspire hopes of its final success, and must certainly be commended by all sincere friends of that measure. It was commenced in the spirit of love, and the effects have been already manifest in the measure of mutual forbearance and confidence, which have been so generally exercised by brethren on both sides. The change has been so marked, that no one can fail to see in it the presence of a divine power that has moved hearts to flow together in the genuine spirit of that charity which is the bond of perfectness. It is important that the faith of the Church should be directed to that same source, to guide us on to the consummation of harmony and peace. That is far more for the Church in its present circumstances, than any merely human wisdom. A strife that has been kept up in discussions of theology for over a quarter of a century, cannot be healed by the same weapons that have been used in the warfare. We regard the advice, therefore, that these weapons shall now be brought forward again and burnished for a new contest, as exceedingly pernicious. The idea, that the way to peace is to marshal the clans and enter into a theological discussion as to which holds the true doctrine, appears to us very much like renouncing the peace we have been led to embrace. That is just what we have been contending for these twenty-five years and more.

The teaching, under the direction of the Synod, has maintained that it is in true accord with the Heidelberg Catechism, and the opposition has maintained the contrary. Instead of bringing this teaching to trial before the only judicatory that is empowered to decide in the case, the opposition has carried on an irregular warfare against it, ending in establishing an order of teaching in a theological school, whose professors are not responsible to Synod for what they teach. So the warfare has gone on, growing in bitterness from year to year. And now it is sagely urged, that the controversy shall be carried into the Peace-Commission, and the points on both sides presented with a view to determine which is orthodox and which heretical. And this new umpire, composed of an equal representation from each side, is first to debate the issues and then decide the case! Will the Peace-Commission, then, be more competent to make this decision than the Synod? And if it should decide such an issue for one side or the other, would our theological seminaries be bound under the constitution to abide by such a decision? Does not the constitution make the district Synod, under whose care and direction a Seminary conducts its teaching, the judge of its orthodoxy? And have not these Synods been rendering their judgments year by year? The proposition is absurd on the very face of it.

No, the Spirit of God descending as in a new baptism at the General Synod, and ever since, came upon us just to close that futile warfare. He came to teach us, that what we most need is, not theological hair-splitting after the manner of the old scholastics, but the spirit of love and devotion to the work of saving perishing men. All seemed to feel the melting influence of His presence, and

under that blessed influence, the work of restoring peace has been going on throughout our borders for the last year and a half.

The Peace-Commission, if its name implies anything, means peace, not warfare. They are to seek where and how we agree, and not where and how we differ. Theological pugilists there are doubtless on both sides, who have pursued that occupation until they have become hopelessly wedded to the work. But the mind and heart of the Church will support no such contest any longer. If there are those, whether reputed leaders or not, who cannot be satisfied until everybody else thinks as they do, who will not rest until their theology has been pronounced the pink of perfect orthodoxy, we trust they will no longer be able to lead captive honest and sensible men, who have been converted from that delusion. The Commission will have other work to do than enter into a bitter contest to win laurels for party leaders. May the prayers of the Church rather ascend to the Throne of Heavenly grace, that the Commission may seek and find peace in a better spirit than in that partizan theological warfare! The "odium theologicum" is just the bad spirit that is to be exorcised, even though it may produce contortion and writhing on the part of some as it goes out. "Let us have peace!"

### A SUDDEN DEATH.

Joseph F. Davis, of Batavia, New York, an uncle of the editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER, while on a visit to the latter in this city, died suddenly on Friday morning last. This sore providence has involved the family of the deceased and many devoted friends in deep distress. Through it also, the editor-in-chief has been detained from his post of duty for several days. The afflicted will doubtless share largely in the sympathies of the readers of this paper. F.

### ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF A MINISTER.

On the extreme northern boundary of the Allegheny Classis, in that part of Armstrong County which lies west of the Allegheny River, St. Paul's Church is located. Until about one year ago, it was in connection with the church at Millerstown, and was served by the present pastor of the Fairview Charge, the Rev. J. W. Alepach. It was then detached from the Millerstown congregation and constituted a pastoral charge. The number of members is quite large, and many of them are widely blessed with the good things of this life. They are abundantly able to give their pastor a more than ordinarily comfortable support, and we believe they will see, that all his temporal wants are fully supplied.

It was a wise step when the good people of St. Paul's church determined to keep house by themselves. Having the entire service of a pastor, they can now expect a much larger growth, both in their spiritual and temporal affairs, than was possible under the former arrangement. The Lord will bless them in proportion as they prayerfully seek to do His will, and to extend the power of His Kingdom in the territory, in which He has called them to do His work.

A few months ago the congregation extended a call to Wm. C. Gumbert, a licentiate of the Westmoreland Classis, which he accepted. At a special meeting of Allegheny Classis, in August, the call was confirmed and a committee appointed to ordain him to the gospel ministry and install him as pastor over the charge. This committee attended to their duty on the 13th of September. An appropriate and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. W. B. Sandoe. The ordination service was read by the Rev. T. F. Stauffer, after which the young brother was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry of Christ by the laying on of hands, in which the brethren Limberg and Alspach took part. The newly ordained minister was then installed, as pastor and bishop of the charge. It was a solemn moment for both pastor and people. May the solemn vows and obligations then assumed never be forgotten!

Brother Gumbert's prospects for usefulness are bright, and a good work is anticipated in the charge. We know the pastor will do his full duty in advancing the interests of Christ's Kingdom at St. Paul's. Let the people, by their prayers, means, and hearty co-operation, sustain him in his work, and the blessing of the Lord will be upon them. B.

### OUR ALMANACS FOR 1880.

By the time our present issue will have reached its remote subscribers, the first edition of our English Almanac will be ready for distribution. We have reason to believe, it will give general satisfaction, especially in view of the reduced price at which it is offered to purchasers. It is, in our view, a decided improvement on the issues of previous years.

The statistics are numerous and full, and will be found to be accurate. Special pains have been taken with the Clerical Register. It has been kept open until the last hour, so that the most recent changes in post-office addresses might be inserted. In this respect, it challenges comparison with any other Almanac similar in character.

The reading matter is full of interest and variety. There are in it no long or prosy articles; but short, pithy, pointed, and useful articles, such only as are befitting the pages of an Almanac. One feature has been added, which we have never seen in any other Almanac, and which will be found convenient and useful, and that is a table, by which the exact time of the rising and setting of the different luminaries can be determined, for any longitude west of Philadelphia. The Almanac calculations are generally made for a single longitude, or at most for two longitudes, and hence, without the use of such a table, the exact time, at intermediate points, cannot be easily ascertained.

Our circulation heretofore has run up as high as from twenty to twenty-five thousand. May we not hope, that the number will be greatly increased during the present year! Let each pastor get some active young person in each of his congregations to take hold of the matter, and the end desired will be readily accomplished.

We will also, as usual, keep on hand a supply of the German Almanac published by the German Publishing House at Cleveland, Ohio, and expect to receive a call for them from our usual customers. The prices at which they are sold, which are the same as those at which they are sold at Cleveland, as well as those of the English Almanac, are given in the standing advertisement to be found in its proper column. Please send in your orders and they will receive prompt attention. F.

### IS THE MILLENIUM COMING?

It seems that both political parties in this city have nominated candidates for local offices, so pure that neither can say aught against the other, and the canvass bids fair to be free from vituperation. It is conceded that, in any event, good honest men will be elected. This is an advance upon the past, and goes to show that the people are so tired of party rancor and stealings, that no man with a dubious record can succeed. "Everything is lovely."

### Notes and Quotes.

According to a report in the N. Y. Tribune, the Friends' Church in Salem, Mass., was invited to be present at the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the First Congregational Church at that place, but its members declined, on grounds of conscience. "Our Quaker forefathers," said the letter of reply, "refused to acknowledge any of the Colonial Puritan churches of Christ. They held, that the spirit of Christ was not in them, certainly not in a keeping, in a saving degree; that they did not 'deal justly and love mercy' in their intercourse with the Indian tribes; that the 'golden rule' was at times utterly lost sight of by them; that they were not founded upon the law of charity, which is the law of love; that the Colonial Legislature and Magistracy were

compacted with them to overcome evil with evil, not to 'overcome evil with good,' and that some of the most cruel and barbarous enactments for the restriction of religious liberty had their inception in the hearts of the so-called clergy." For this reason the Church held, that any participation in the proposed exercises would be a virtual admission, that their ancestors were in error; moreover, that it would be a "tacit setting aside of testimony which they sealed with their blood." Again, they say they are confident, that the present church looks back upon its early organization as being very much in the letter, and that the real church life did not begin until many years later, when the fruits of the Spirit "began to appear, and patience and meekness and brotherly kindness and charity were manifest." In conclusion they say: "We would not celebrate the going forth of Paul to Damascus, his heart filled with hatred and his lips breathing forth threats of bloodshed, but we would commemorate the event of his coming under the power of the Gospel and into the pure and peaceable light of Christ."

### Among the Exchanges.

The statistics of the Presbyterian Church show that it has a membership of 574,886, that it has contributed two millions of dollars to works of benevolence, and that it has expended more than six millions on congregational and pastoral support. Its gain of communicants for last year was 6,631, which is justly regarded as so small as to be discouraging, and the *New York Observer* in referring to it, says: "These facts call for more serious consideration, inasmuch as the statistics of the Church show that there has been a steady and alarming diminution in the ratio of decrease for the last four years. For 1876, the number of communicants over the previous year was 29,179; in 1877, it was 22,464; in 1878, it was 10,191, and for the present year as stated above, it is only 6,631. At this rate of diminution, in the course of one or two years there will be an actual decrease in the membership of the Church." Such facts need careful consideration, not only by Presbyterians, but by people of all other denominations; for they represent a condition of things that is almost universally prevalent.

One of the lessons taught by such a showing is, that the inflation plan of worship is not successful. After all the tabernacles and evangelists, the conventions, alliances, fraternal outbursts and the beautiful hymns of Moody and Sankey, the result is that of discouragement to an extent that is called 'alarming.' Instead of the active progress that was indicated by the religious denominations and anticipatory statistics, there is a falling off in the gains in membership, which is to be considered along with the complaints of increasing Sabbath desecration and a diminished regard for the doctrines of religion. It has been a matter of regret with some people, that they were cut off from the privileges of the current evangelistic services, and worried by the apparent slowness of their growth as compared with others they felt that immediate success was lost by the prevailing methods. After all, their loss may have been their gain. Zeal, enterprise, energy, the seasonable and judicious adoption of all improved methods and practices—these are all good, but there is no profit in sensationalism in anything, and least of all in worship and the work of the Church."

The above, which we take from the *United Presbyterian*, will go to show, that sensationalism in religion may be charged not only with an unhealthy growth, but with no growth at all. The excitements through which the Church has gone during the few past years have not done much to increase the number of professors.

We do not wonder, that the staid old *New York Evangelist* should have its sense of propriety shocked by a hymn-book, which it notices under the head of "Poetry Run Mad." This is what it says:

We have now before us a book, which bears the imprint of the Methodist Publishing House, called "The New Song, for Revivals, Prayer and Camp Meetings. By Rev. Aaron Coons." Of the music in this collection, we will leave others to give an opinion; but of the poetry we can furnish our readers a specimen which will enable them to judge. Near the close, the editor is moved to pour out his heart in memory of a deceased daughter, in a "song" of twelve stanzas of eight lines each. How softly it begins:

"My angel daughter, Annie,  
More lov'd I my Saviour can He?"

What music in these opening lines! What a perfect rhyme is that of "Annie" and "can-he"! Other names of daughters might be introduced into this tender poetry with an equally harmonious effect. Thus:

My angel daughter, Betsy,  
More lov'd I my Saviour gets He?

To be sure, it is a little difficult to parse these lines or to say exactly what they mean. We suppose the writer means to ask if it be possible that the Saviour loves his daughter more than he does. Perhaps the meaning will be made a little clearer if we give the whole stanza:

"My angel daughter, Annie,  
More lov'd I my Saviour can He?  
Than hearts so fond, so many,  
E'en hearts paternal too.  
Her guardian angel led her  
Too far from earth, and sped her  
On wings, till glory shed her  
So beautiful from my view."

We wish we could publish the whole of this beautiful effusion, but as it covers an entire page, we cannot spare the space. Of course, it could not be expected, that the twelve stanzas should all be equal to the first. But there



are lines in the sequel which are not unworthy of such a beginning, though, as in much of the sublimest poetry, there is an occasional obscurity, which might puzzle the ordinary reader. Thus in the third verse:

"Her smiles, so sweet I'd rather  
Their lingering radiance gather,  
Reflect them on till nether."

Nether? What is that? We are afraid it is something dark and unknown. But we get out of this darkness in the next stanza, where is presented a lovely vision:

"I hear sweet accents telling;  
Sweet footprints haste my dwelling—  
Her cheery laughter swelling  
O see! dear papa's come!  
Her infant arms embracing—  
Impede my footsteps tracing;  
My father's soul she's gracing,  
While now she speaks of home."

"Perchance his bright forecasting  
A scene beyond more lasting,  
When angel Annie's hush'd  
With shouts of 'golden strand';  
'See! see! dear papa's coming!  
Across death's river foaming,  
He's thro' with earthly roaming,  
He's reached our happy land.'"

On such a flood of melody father and daughter are borne on to "heaven's beautiful shore," where they are met by a large procession:

"To mansions fair inviting,  
While angel-bands alighting,  
To 'scout us while reciting  
Earth's sweetest memories o'er."

That "scout" is very effective. But the bliss is short lived: for in a moment the father is back again, and for the daughter

"Sweet by-and-by," she's singing,  
We'll meet on yonder shore."

And now comes the pain of parting again:

"For 'Jesus now is calling'  
My Annie dear a'ay!  
On angel wings He's sending  
My pet to endless day."

This comforts the sorrowing heart of the old man, who thus ends his half-mournful, half-joyful strain:

"But soon shall end my weeping,  
The boon of sorrow reaping—  
Our dust together sleeping;  
In yonder vaulted tomb!  
There 'wait the radiant dawning,  
The beams of brighter morning,  
When death shades dark, forlorn,  
No more becloud our home."

Well, here's comfort at last that there'll be no more "forlorning," when the angels "scout" him home.

And this is "The New Song" prepared for our Methodist brethren. Truly they have a treasure, for the book is full of such beauties. In turning over the pages, we observe in a large number of "songs" that both the music and the poetry are furnished by the editor. The pieces might not answer on all occasions. In small meetings, when things moved rather "slow," some of these couplets might excite in minds given to levity other feelings than devotion. But we have no doubt they would produce a grand effect at camp meetings, when ten thousand voices should lift up the strain together, and thought and language, and connection of ideas be all forgotten in the mighty volume of sound. Then no matter about the words. The object is to "make a joyful noise," and hence the effect produced by such a couplet as that which is so great a favorite with the negroes (though no man can attach the slightest idea to the words):

"I want to go to heaven when I die,  
To hear old Jordan roll."

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Missions in Allentown.

The readers of the MESSENGER have already been apprized of the laying of a new cornerstone to an old church at Allentown, on the 14th of September. It was an interesting occasion, and, as it seemed to us, a turning point in the history of Christ's Mission in East Allentown. Some of its friends had begun to lose confidence in its ultimate success. It seemed to show no signs of progress; its prospects were not such as to inspire a strong confidence that it would ever come to anything. There were, however, good reasons for its not making any more palpable forward strides. The times were hard, and nowhere more so than at East Allentown, where so many persons were thrown out of employment during the panic, and the mission had to suffer with its members. But Lehigh Valley is taking a new start, and there is a general revival of business there, so that we might expect also a revival in the missionary work.—We were much pleased to see so many of our ministers and people from Allentown and the neighborhood present, to witness the ceremonies by which a church, that had been built for another denomination, became Reformed. May it ever remain so in spiritual life, as well as in name.

We congratulate Bro. Fritzinger on the new departure which the mission has taken, and sincerely hope and pray, that he may see the good results of his patient and self-denying labors more and more as the years come and go. As he has been all along getting no salary from his people, he may be said to be contributing as much to the mission as the Classis or the Board. Such labor for the Church is sure to produce in its season good fruits. After getting a good idea of the little mission down town, in the evening the Superintendent preached for what used to be regarded as a mission up town, the Salem church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs. It was started as a mission, a few years ago, without any appropriation, in a small chapel. Now it is a large congregation, with a large Sunday School, has a fine church, with a small debt upon it, and stands fully abreast with the older churches in doing a good work for Christ and His cause among the German-speaking population of the city. It is seldom that we address such a large and attentive audience. Bro. Dubbs has much reason to be encouraged in the results of his labors in his present field thus far. The response which the community has given to his efforts in and out of the pulpit, is something not very usual, and may be regarded as a token from the Lord, that He has much people there who are to be built up in the faith and hope of the gospel, as being stones in the temple of God. We have no space here to speak of the other

two Reformed churches in Allentown, but simply add, that, to an outsider, at least, Reformed interests in Allentown seem certainly to be looking up. We have always been one of those, who have taken a hopeful view of our old German churches in Eastern Pennsylvania. In our recollection they have made real and substantial progress, but much, very much, remains yet to be done, which the brethren in the field know quite as well as those who look in from the outside.

Missions in Schuylkill County.

Something over a year ago, when the establishment of congregational missionary societies had been discussed at the meeting of the East Struquenhanna Classis, the pastor of the Ringtown charge, Rev. E. D. Miller, and his elder, Mr. Maurer, went home with the conviction, that such societies could be established among their people and be made to subserve a useful purpose. The charge was itself, in fact, a mission, although not formally under the care of the Board. It was assisted by the Classis in the support of its pastor in the way of church sustentation. Still, it was thought, very properly, that it should take part in supporting the missionary work. Societies were started in all the congregations, three in number, and have been kept up with a considerable degree of spirit. Monthly meetings are held, business transacted, and much more has been accomplished for missions than was ever done before. The pastor was assisted very materially in this good work by his elder, who had been with him to Classis, just as all elders ought to do, whether they have been to Classis or not. But all societies that are alive must have anniversaries, and the missionary society at Ringtown concluded to have its missionary festival this year during the month of September, and invited the Superintendent to be present and take some part in it. The following was the programme: On Saturday there was a missionary dinner prepared by the society and for the society at the parsonage, and then a missionary meeting in the afternoon with addresses and religious services, followed by a missionary supper, as there was still enough and to spare after all had partaken at dinner. In the evening, a missionary astronomical lecture was delivered by the Superintendent, which, it is said, was the best attended paid lecture ever delivered in Catawissa Valley. It was not the first or only case in which the mission cause has helped along the cause of science and general intelligence.

On the Sunday following missionary services were held in two of the churches, three sermons and one address. The time, we thought, was well spent. Everybody seemed to be interested. No person, as far as we could learn, thought too much was said on the same subject. Three collections were lifted for missions, which, together with the proceeds of the lecture, was quite respectable for a weak charge. It was certainly encouraging to see our people, especially the young of both sexes, taking such an active interest in the spread of the gospel. They are doing good to others; but in all such cases, it is a question, whether they are not doing themselves a still greater service. They who water others shall themselves also be watered. We know of no better way to build up our churches than by getting them to be actively engaged in doing good. Without such activity in the cause of Christ, our preaching will be, to a great extent, in vain, and in vain our fine churches and many other things in which we pride ourselves. The winter is coming, with its long evenings, when old, as well as young people, seek for social intercourse. In what more profitable way could one evening or afternoon in the month be spent, than in a missionary meeting or society?

Shenandoah city lies a few miles south of Ringtown, separated from it by the Mahanoy mountains. It is a large town of about 8000 inhabitants, nestled between the mountains, not eighteen years of age. Here we have a mission, Trinity church, in charge of Rev. Jacob D. Neff, which is not half as old as the town. It has German services in the morning and English in the evening, and is a growing mission, made up of Americans and foreigners, living in peace and concord with each other. It was organized and served by Bro. Miller for several years, who then withdrew to missionize in his present field of labor. It has an admirable church for its purposes, although for the present it is greatly annoyed by a debt, which it seems difficult at times to manage. Otherwise its prospects are encouraging. By vigilance, system and care, it will, no doubt, be able to overcome this thorn in the flesh and become a large and useful congregation. It has a wide-open door for usefulness.

A few miles still further south, over a ridge at the foot of the Broad mountains, lies Mahanoy city, another large town, which is not yet twenty-one years old, about the size of Shenandoah, with its churches, hotels, schools, stores and collieries, all apparently in good running order. Here we have a large and flourishing church, St. Paul's, not fifteen years old, organized by Rev. L. K. Derr, and served for some years past very efficiently by Rev. H. A. Keyser. It is also German in the morning and English in the evening. It has kept up a vigorous missionary society, on the apostolic plan, for a number of years, and the pastor reports, just as we might expect, and just as all others report, who have made the experiment, that in this way the missionary contributions of the church have been largely in excess of what they would have been under the old system. We were sorry we could not remain a day longer with the genial pastor, to attend a missionary meeting in his church.

The Valley of the Catawissa is fertile, has fine farms and barns, and its farmers have good markets at the mining towns; but much of the country is barren on its surface. It is a wild sterile region, where scarcely anything useful can be raised, and as a change, and in itself a sight full of wonders, well worthy of a visit from the denizens of the lower counties, where agricultural scenery is continually regaling the eye. Here the wealth lies beneath the soil in the apparently inexhaustible supply of coal for the use of the country and world at large. It is wonderful to pass by and see one colliery after another, reminding the traveler of gigantic moles under the earth throwing up immense piles of coal dust, which, in time, must fill up the gullies and ravines. It is gratifying, however, to see that Christian churches here are springing up, and that our own is well represented and in growing condition. A few years ago, this section of the county was the focus of that reign of terrorism, which made life a burden, of which the outside world knew comparatively little. It is hard to conceive that such a state of things could come to exist in a State like our own and yet, the peaceful and quiet people of a large portion of it lived for months in a state of suspense not unlike that experienced in France during the French Revolution. That has now passed away, and order has

again been restored along all the lines, so that we could take long rides through the mountains and ravines by day and night, for which our thanks are due to good government, which is a terror to evil-doers, and not to those who do well.

THE SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

A WORD TO ITS MEMBERS AND ELDERS.

A correspondent of the MESSENGER (Martin S. Burg) called attention, a few weeks ago, to a matter which seems to have been almost entirely forgotten or ignored by those whom, in all honor and honesty, it ought most deeply to concern, namely the work of Southern missions, as constituting the prime necessity for the formation of this Synod. The battle (and in some Classes a very severe battle it was) for this new Synodical organization was fought and won on this ground alone. It was contended that the Southern States offered a most inviting field for the missionary activity of the Reformed Church—that with an official record entirely free from the kind of resolutions and legislation indulged in by other denominations in regard to the war and the people of the Southern States, and a system of faith and worship which, in their peculiar religious circumstances, would commend themselves, as just what these people needed, our Church could plant its congregations all over their wide territory. Of the force of these reasons, not the slightest doubt can be entertained by those who know the political and religious condition of the Southern people, and it is not to be wondered at, that the advocates for the formation of this Synod finally carried their point. The Synod of the Potomac was accordingly organized April 18, 1873, and its latest statistics show its number of members to be 128, congregations 255, with a communicant membership of 26,064, and benevolent contributions amounting to \$9450; and yet, with all this showing, what has this Synod done as regards the work for which it was avowedly organized? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Not a man or dollar has gone south, that would not have gone thither without this new Synodical organization. In fact, almost all that has been done in this direction has been done by the Virginia Classis alone.

The question, therefore, comes up for answer—Was all this simply fine talk—was it a "pia fraus" to cover up other less popular purposes, or was it simply a great mistake? There certainly was no need of a new Synodical body, if there was not some specific work for it to do, which could not be done by any other existing organizations.

The writer of these lines was, from the beginning, an advocate for the creation of this new Synod, on the grounds set forth above. He claims to have been honest himself in this matter, and believes, that those with whom he acted were both honest and full of enthusiasm, as regards the missionary work they anticipated would be entered upon, without delay, by the Synod, for whose organization they plead so persistently year after year.

The Synod of the Potomac will convene in Frederick in a few weeks, where six years ago and more, it was brought into existence, and with all the ardor and enthusiasm of its young life, dedicated itself to this special missionary work. Ought not its members, in the mean time, to give earnest heed to these things, so that when they come together, in the venerable church at Frederick, in which, so to speak, the Synod was born and baptized as a missionary Synod, such action may be matured as will redeem this youngest of our Synods from the shame and disgrace, which, in the minds of many, are associated with her name, and enable her to begin at once the work to which she is so solemnly pledged.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT OUGHT TO BE DONE ABOUT IT.

The missionary work of a Synod could not be done by the body itself, but only through organs of its creation. Meeting but once a year, the most and best that it can do is, to enact the necessary legislation, and create the necessary machinery—if such a word may be allowed—for the doing of its recognized work. A board, or committee, which, for the most part, is the extent of this Synodical machinery, while a much smaller body, and having more frequent meetings, cannot do the actual work of visiting the localities where the missionary is needed for the preaching of the gospel and the organization of congregations. More is required than a board or committee. The Synod, if it would do its work in this regard with vigor and success, should go, as it were, in person into the mission field representatively, delegating certain powers and functions to one chosen and set apart annually for this work of episcopal visitation and supervision. In our Church polity, the episcopal authority and functions find their fullest expression in the Synodical organization, which divests it entirely of all that is offensive in any hierarchical sense; and the creation of such an office as missionary bishop, pastor, or preacher, for the effectual doing of this specific missionary work, would be in full harmony with the genius and spirit of our Church government, and enable the Synod thus to go representatively, with proper dignity and authority, wherever there was work to be done in her proper missionary field. A man thoroughly qualified for this office, as regards preaching, pastoral tact, and executive ability, clothed with the authority of his Synod, would be able to accomplish results, which no board or committee made up of our best men, meeting three or four times annually, at some central point in the Church, can possibly accomplish. The work required to be done now is much the same as that done in the early history of our Church in this country by Schlatter and others—the going from place to place, where our people are to be found in small numbers, baptizing, catechizing, confirming and administering the holy communion, until such time as they may be organized and enabled to take care of themselves.

Each Synod should be represented by at least one such missionary pastor, if it would be fully successful in its missionary undertakings. The Missionary Superintendent of the Tri-Synodic Board cannot possibly do the kind of work here indicated, even if it were included in his office, as something expected at his hands. The field under his supervision is of such vast extent, that, while giving attention in one direction to the work assigned him, scores of places would have to be neglected in another.

In a word, would it not be better that each Synod, with a missionary board and missionary pastor of its own should undertake the working of certain districts of country, without interfering with other missionary work under the auspices of the General Synod? The Synod of the United States has before

it (as set forth by Dr. Theo. Appel in an address before the Synod at Lebanon,) an inviting field for missionary activity in the New England States. The Synod of Pittsburgh has lying all around it in Western Pennsylvania an immense territory, already "white unto the harvest," and the Synod of the Potomac finds, naturally, in the Southern States a most promising and attractive country for all and more than all the men and money it can possibly furnish. For the other Synods, the Great West and Northwest, the Macedonian cry, "Come and help us," is ever sounding its solemn challenge in their ears, while the German Synod of the East will have its hands full in caring for the thousands and tens of thousands of foreign Germans in the many large cities, included in their territory.

Let this suggestion receive the consideration which its importance demands. Surely something is needed to give greater success to our Church work, in the multiplication of congregations and the diffusion of our peculiar Church life. At an early period as 1681, there were Reformed settlements in this country, and in 1736, in Pennsylvania alone, there were 15,000 of our people in organized congregations. What have we been doing in all these years, that we are now able to show only a membership of about 160,000 communicants?

Surely the smallness of our increase, in this period of nearly 200 years, can be accounted for only on the ground, that there has been all along some serious defect in the manner in which we have been carrying on our operations.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

in the Second District of Mercersburg Classis.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 23 and 24, the above district, composed of Huntingdon and Blair counties, Pa., held its third convention at Zion's church, near Marklesburg, Pa.

The schools were represented by forty-four delegates. The pastors of every charge were on hand, and a real lively convention was held. Reports were only partially full, and no statistics can be given; but seven schools show an actual attendance of over seven hundred scholars.

The following programme was the order of the discussions:

Teachers' Meetings—their importance and method. Opened by J. D. Dunn, of Huntingdon, Pa. The Office of Superintendent—their opportunities and dangers. Rev. M. G. Boyer, Marklesburg, Pa. The Duty of Consistories to the Sunday School. Dr. J. H. Wintrobe, Marklesburg, Pa. The Duty of Church Members to the Sunday School. Rev. A. G. Dole, Huntingdon, Pa. Sunday School Worship (Prayers, Hymns and Music) Rev. I. N. Peightal, Pattonville, Pa. The Use of the Scriptures in the Sunday School. Rev. H. F. Long, Sarah, Pa. What constitutes Success in Sunday School Work. A. G. Fouse, Clover Creek, Pa. The Infant Class—what and how to teach it in a school of one room. Rev. J. D. Miller, Martinsburg, Pa. The Possibilities of the Future. Dr. R. Myers, Grafton, Pa. Who should be Officers and Teachers in the Sunday School. Rev. F. A. Ruple, Martinsburg, Pa. The Teacher's Preparation—its importance and method. Rev. M. H. Sangree, Alexandria, Pa. The Teacher's Reward. J. R. Little, Saxton, Pa.

On Wednesday afternoon a children's service was held. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. M. Schick, of Orbisonia, and F. A. Ruple, of Martinsburg, and Dr. R. Myers, of Grafton, Pa. The services were well attended by the congregations in the vicinity, and their interest in the discussions was exceeded only by that of the brethren engaged in them. Resolutions were adopted declaring that it was the sense of the convention, that teachers' meetings are beneficial to a more successful preparation of the teachers; That consistories and members of the Church generally should be active in the promotion of successful Sunday School work; That the worship of the Sunday School should be such, that the children feel to be their own and take part in; and that there is a reward for all such as are co-workers with Christ in His work.

The schools in the district were asked to keep a record of attendance of teachers and scholars, and report statistics at the next convention. Rev. J. D. Miller, of Martinsburg, presided at the meeting. SECRETARY, (Christian World please copy.)

BIRTH-DAY ANNIVERSARY, EIGHTY-NINTH, OF JOHN RICHTSTINE.

We often read with interest of those who have passed threescore and ten years and are blessed with health and strength and a host of friends, but when an example of this kind comes in our midst, and still more is our grandfather, who has overrun his allotted time nineteen years, our hearts swell with thanks to God for permitting us to look into the eyes of our forefather of 1790.

John Richtstine was born in Berks County, Pa., August 27th, 1790, and was married to Susannah Martz, April 11th, 1811. He worked at the carpenter trade till 1836, when he moved to Butler County, Ohio. Though a very skillful workman, he chose farming, which he followed till 1855, when he moved to Peoria, Illinois, where he has since lived in peace and comfort.

For sixty three years he and his faithful companion cheered each other on the voyage of life; but on October 22d, 1874, she was removed from our midst, and now, like an old oak whose companions have yielded to time, he stands alone in the midst of his descendants. He has been a member of the Reformed Church over seventy years, and the Bible is still his great comforter. He reads one over three hundred years old.

Grandfather is a type of remarkable physical endurance. He stands erect, is five feet six inches high, weighs 140 pounds, and is exceedingly strong and active. He is in the full possession of his mental faculties, and his nerves are seemingly as steady as ever. He is a splendid penman, and speaks, reads, and writes both English and German. He is the father of seven children—only two are living; fifty grandchildren—thirty living; and sixty-two great-grandchildren. Two children, ten grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren, with a host of other relatives and friends, were present to celebrate his eighty-ninth birthday. Quite a number of presents were made; but these were secondary, for "back of the gift comes the giver."

At 2 o'clock P. M. we gathered around the board spread with a bountiful provision. Rev. Mr. Boyd then gave the family history and in a few touching words pictured that beautiful home of the saints and the glorious reunion beyond the grave, after which a fervent prayer was offered by Mr. John C. Coe.

The next half hour needs no description. The day passed pleasantly; and grandfather was the centre of attentive hearers, listening to his quaint stories and old-time tales. The occasion will long be remembered. And though we expect to meet him often, we reluctantly bid him good-by. But if we should never meet here again, may we all join that glorious reunion in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

ONE OF THE THIRTY.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Pursuant to a call of the President, the Classis of Lancaster met in special session in the Second Reformed church, Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, the 23d of September, 1879. In the absence of the officers, Rev. L. F. Zinkhan was elected President and Rev. Geo. W. Snyder, Stated Clerk. Licentiate A. R. Thomson was received from the Classis of Philadelphia, a call to him from the Hummelstown church confirmed, and a committee appointed to ordain and install him, consisting of Revs. W. H. Snyder, J. H. Pannbecker and L. F. Zinkhan. The proposed action of the committee in regard to the debt of Willow Street Church was adopted. G. W. S.

Rev. H. F. Seiple was installed pastor of the Hilltown charge, by a committee of Tohickon Classis, on the 3d of September last. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. B. Koplin, which is said to have been earnest and appropriate. The other portions of the services were conducted by the Rev. D. Rothrock, the third member of the committee having been unable to attend.

The Rev. D. C. Tobias, of Lititz, Pa., has been pastor of the Bethany charge for a period of nine years. The anniversary of this event was recently celebrated in the several congregations of his charge. As the occasion was invested with more than usual interest, the audiences present at the different churches was larger than at other times. At the close of his discourse, the pastor remarked, that, during his entire pastorate, he had not been, at any time, incapacitated for filling his pulpit on Sunday. A kind providence had favored him with good health, so that he was able to attend uninterruptedly to all his duties. For this divine favor he felt truly grateful. His members also had shown him personally, and his family likewise, many acts of kindness, for which he returned his sincere thanks. The Lititz Record takes a very favorable notice of the observance of the occasion, and concludes with expressing the hope, that the life of the pastor may be spared many years to come, so that he may continue to break unto his people the bread of eternal life.

In connection with the quarterly communion, held in Christ church, of this city, on the 5th of October, Rev. G. H. Johnston, pastor, four persons were added to the church by certificate.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

The post-office address of Rev. John Dotterer has been changed from Apollo, Armstrong county, Pa., to Merwin, Westmoreland county, Pa.

The Licentiate D. H. Leader has accepted a call from the Everett charge. His post-office address has accordingly been changed from Altoona, Pa., to Everett, Bedford county, Pa.

WESTERN CHURCH.

At a communion held in the church at Louisville, Ohio, Rev. J. J. Leberman, pastor, on the 21st of September, six persons were added to the church, five by confirmation and one by certificate. F.

POTOMAC SYNOD.

The Synod of the Potomac of the Reformed Church in the United States, will hold its Seventh Annual Sessions in the First Reformed church, of Frederick City, Md., commencing on Wednesday evening, October 22d, A. D. 1879, at 7 o'clock. By appointment of last year, the meeting will be in General Convention. A punctual attendance is requested. W. M. DEATRICK, Stated Clerk.

Mercersburg, Pa., September 29, 1879.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

The Baltimore and Ohio, and Pennsylvania Railroads have kindly furnished orders for excursion rates. Persons wishing to avail themselves of this privilege will be provided with orders for round trip excursion tickets on application to the Stated Clerk of Synod. Such application, however, must be made before October 16th, enclosing a stamped envelope, in which to return the order.

STATED CLERK.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Members of the Synod of the Potomac and others having business with it, who expect to attend any of its sessions, to be held at Frederick, Md., Oct. 22d, 1879, who have not already notified the undersigned of their intention, will please do so immediately, and not later than Oct. 16th, as arrangements can be made for the entertainment of those only, who have given due notice of their coming.

You will please report at the Reformed church, where a committee will be in session Oct. 22d, on the arrival of the different trains, to show such as have duly reported their coming, to the places assigned for their entertainment. E. R. ESCHBACH.

ALMANACS FOR 1880.

Both editions of the English Almanac, for the East and the West, have been issued. The former can be obtained from the "Christian World" office at Dayton, Ohio, and the latter from the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia. Orders will be promptly attended to. They will be sold at the following reduced rates:

12 copies,	\$0.60
50 "	2 35
100 "	4 50

When sent by mail, ten cents per dozen must be added for postage. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of seven cents in postage stamps.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanac published at Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the same rates at which they can be procured from the publishers, namely: A single copy sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps; 1 dozen, 90 cents, to which 17 cents must be added for postage when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 17 cents per copy will be charged.



## Youth's Department.

## THE WEED'S MISSION.

Tall grew a weed outside a garden gate,  
Inside a gladiolus in splendor grew.  
"Why do you with the autumn blossoms wait?"  
The flower asked. "There is no need of you.  
In truth, I know not why you live at all—  
Only a few, pale, yellow blooms you bore  
And worthless are your seeds. Pray, droop and  
fall.  
I should not grieve at seeing you no more.  
I grace the world, for evening's brightest skies  
Are not more rich in gold and red than I,  
And every day the ling'ring butterflies  
Beg me to stay till they must say 'good by.'"  
"Yes, you are beautiful," the weed replied,  
In patient voice, "and I am plain indeed.  
But God knows why." Just then a bird, bright-  
eyed  
And scarlet-beaked, saw the clust'ring seed,  
And lighting on a slender branch he ate  
With many a little chirp of thankful glee,  
Then spread his wings and perched upon the gate.  
And blessed his wayside friend in melody.  
"Ah!" said the weed, when he had flown, "proud  
flower,  
A hungry, south-bound bird you could not feed  
Though you rejoice in Beauty's gracious dower—  
That boon was granted to an humble weed!"  
—Margaret Eyttinge, in *October Wide Awake*.

## FIRST LESSONS IN MECHANICS.

It has often been said that man received his first lessons in mechanics from some of the lower orders of animals.

Various kinds of fish, for instance, from their shape—moving by fins and tail, answering the purpose of oars, so well adapted are they to beat the water, as well as the flexibility of their bodies, which glide through the water with perfect ease,—first gave the idea of vessels.

Let us take the argonaut, which, from time immemorial, is supposed to have given the model for navigation. Even Pope must have believed that this particular art was so acquired when he wrote the lines:

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."  
Let us see, then, what there might be in so small a fish that could possibly fit it to be a teacher in times when so little was known about boats or sailing.

In the first place, the nautilus has a wonderful structure, consisting of two parts—the body, which resembles a sac opening from the front, and a good-sized head, containing a very bright pair of eyes. This head is surrounded by a ring, containing arms, feet and feelers. The feet seem almost to grow from the mouth, and they are so near to that feature that it might be said to walk on its head! These little creatures breathe through gills, which are closely concealed, expanding or contracting as occasion requires—receiving the water and expelling it.

"All this," you say, "is not so very wonderful." But suppose I tell you that it has little sails, and floats along on the water just like a ship! You ask, "Of what are these sails made?" and perhaps you will open your eyes with wonder when I tell you that two of its arms, expanding into the air, are its sails, while the other six (for it has eight) are employed as paddles or oars! On each of these arms are four rows of suckers, which are given them for the purpose of hooking their prey and carrying it to the mouth. Beside helping them to swim, the water expelled through the air-tubes serves them to move backward as well as forward. Sometimes the movement is rapid enough to impel them with great violence. The keel of their beautiful shell sails along on the surface of the sea, very quietly, or rowing rapidly, as if on an important errand, unless a storm approaches, or the least danger threatens it, when this little mariner furls its sail, takes in all its oars, turns the mouth of its shell downwards, and sinks to the bottom of the sea in safety. It has even been said to pump the water out of its shell, if it becomes leaky, and if found to be perfectly unseaworthy, will forsake it altogether! Some of these little fish have thin, white shells like paper, which they leave at pleasure; others have a thicker shell, which they seldom go from.

Before leaving the subject of the nautilus—though straying a little from our text—you have seen the beautiful mother-of-pearl shell, spiral in shape. This is the home of one species of nautilus. These shells are divided into sep-

arate compartments, like so many chambers; usually the largest of these becomes the abode of this little fish; but at the same time it has a communicating tube running through all these apartments to the very extremity of the spiral shell. The exact use of this tube has never been fully determined.

Then there is another little wonder, in the shape of a small insect, which actually builds a "life-boat" for its young—and this is the gnat. She not only builds a sort of boat, but, what is most marvelous, her own eggs are all the timber she uses! Each egg, if dropped into the water one by one, would be heavy enough to sink, but when builded together in the form of a raft, each raft consisting of from 250 to 350 eggs, the most violent storms cannot sink it, and, what is more wonderful still, it never becomes filled with water, though hollow, no matter how much exposed. Perhaps our own life-boat builders, even now in these days of invention, might take a lesson from this wonderful instinct which would be of profit to mankind. This boat of the gnat has been likened to an old-fashioned wherry, (who knows but what they copied the gnat's boat?) being sharper and higher "fore and aft," as the sailors say,—convex below and concave above, and always floating on its keel. As the gnat deposits her eggs, she covers them, as do other insects, with a glutinous liquid, laying them side by side, all adhering firmly together by means of this glue in a sort of triangular figure, which they make to be the stern of the boat. As this little insect proceeds to construct, regulating the shape by its crossed legs, her raft increasing in size, she gives it a gentle push; when partly finished, uncrosses the legs—a position which has been so necessary to make the scaffolding of a right shape,—and places them parallel, it being now no longer necessary to cross them for the formation of the boat. When the little home is finished, and secure from sinking, the mother abandons the vessel of her own building, and soon to be alive, as it were, with her offspring. In a few days the grubs are hatched, and the boat, composed now of only empty shells, floats on until destroyed by time. Naturalists have watched them and have seen them go through with all that has been told you, although it seems almost too much to believe.

Then we have another incredible instinct in the wasp, who is a perfect paper maker,—and even now, as this article is written, at my chamber window in the country, just over my head hangs one of these wonderful habitations. The wasps, too, are at work cementing and finishing. The substance of which it is made is actual paper. So you see that the wasps were actual paper makers long before man knew how, and by very much the same process by which man manufactures it now. In fact, all the while that people in the olden times were using wood and stone and brass, the bark of trees, and skins of animals, this little insect was making a far better material. The wasp, too, was certainly the first to show that vegetable fibres could be reduced to a pulp, cementing it by a sizing of glue, and then spreading it into a very smooth and delicate leaf. They showed, too, that it did not always require rags to make paper, and that to make it strong, and not easily pulled to pieces, the fibres must be long.

These fibres of the wasp are about a tenth of an inch long, and finer than a hair. They gather them into a bundle, adding to them as they move from place to place. You would find it very unlike the wood gnawed by other insects. They then bruise these fibres into a sort of lint before using them with their mandibles, preferring old and dry wood. After this bruising process, they use the glutinous liquid of which we have before spoken, which fastens them together; then they knead it into a sort of paste, like papier mache, making it into a ball, which afterwards they trample into a leaf as thin as tissue-paper with their feet.

The first thing the wasp does after the paper is ready is to line the roof of her chamber with it, often using fifteen or sixteen layers or sheets, one above the

other, making a wall often nearly two inches in thickness. These layers are left with spaces between, appearing as you look at the nest as if made of so many little shells. After the ceiling is finished, they begin to build the terrace, which is composed of an immense number of shells of the very paper they make, and looking like a honey-comb, only perhaps more light and elegant, if this were possible. You may think that these cells are for honey, but they are not, for the wasps never make it, but are solely prepared for rearing their young.

Now, after what I have told you, do you not think there is some ground for the belief of which we have spoken? One thing we do know, that the instinct with which many of the species is endowed opens a wide field for the most delightful study, and we can readily believe that in many ways this very instinct and industry in even the smallest of God's creatures could be employed to great advantage.

At any rate, while studying these things may we never forget the boundless benevolence of God in the provision He has made for every creature, nor that the same wise Being who so takes care of the smallest insect will never lose sight of you or of me.

## A STORY ABOUT GRASS.

Grasses, like mankind, have childhood, youth, and old age as the end of all. As long as the blades of grass are children and young, their work is joyous, they adorn the earth, are good and happy, and whisper softly and merrily together. Flowers spring up among them; they make a garden for the beetles, gnats, and flies, as well as the charming dragon flies and many other insects. Everywhere in this garden is life: beautiful little red and green beetles swing themselves on the blades and the fine flower stalks, and the ungainly frog hops about with open mouth among these glories. Everywhere is fragrance, joy, and grace. Thus it fares with the garden so long as the grasses are children and very young. When they grow older, taller, and broader, the pearls and jewels no longer adorn them, but hang heavily on them; they bend their care-laden heads toward each other, and their light whisper becomes an audible murmur. They seem now to the beetles and insects like ancient forests in which the creatures lose themselves, and through which they cannot pass. The glory of youth is gone; age is come. Then the grass-blades call to the Good Spirit who protects them, and say, "We were beautiful and young, and like the garden of the earth; but now, since we have grown wiser, we should like to be of use like the people around us, who do so much while we stand here idle."

The Good Spirit answers, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Men have youth and old age, but also death; you too shall die, and become useful through your death." And, at His call, the mowers appear, and the grasses bend their heads willingly to the scythe, thinking of the promise, "Through your death you shall become useful."—From the *German of A. Stein*.

## A RIDE THROUGH THE AIR.

Let us try the elevated railroad and see what it is like. We will take the cars down-town and go up to Central Park and perhaps beyond. At the down-town station near Trinity Church where the trains start from, we pay for our tickets, and pass out upon the platform. Well, really, this is a railroad in the air in earnest. There are engines standing about, some with steam up ready to start, others running under a pipe to get water. There is a bridge over the water-pipe, and on top are men with wheel-barrows, wheeling coal. One opens a trap in the bridge, shoots his barrow-load of coal down the trap, and it falls through a funnel in the top of the cab of the engine. At once the engine moves out of the way to make room for the next. Quick work is essential on a railroad that runs 800 trains in twenty-four hours. Opposite is a switch-house and in it we can see the man who controls

all the switches here. See, he has moved a lever, and, up the track, we see the signal-arm move. There is a train coming. The signal says "all clear," and the train comes down, crossing over from one side of the bridge to the other, running up to the side of the platform. Men stand ready to cast off couplings, unfasten the air-pipes for the brakes and loosen the bell-rope. The engine moves away to the coaling place, and at the same time another engine backs down and is coupled on; the down passengers have all stepped out, and the up passengers take their places and the train is off in less than two minutes. At once an engine rolls up past the platform and takes its place ready for the next train. The arms on the signal-posts move up and down and another train comes down to the platform. If the business is very active, one train follows another in about a minute and a half. We'll take a train and go up town. The car is wide, handsome, neatly carpeted and with broad and comfortable seat. The buildings slip past on either side and we can look into the second-story windows and see the people inside. It's a mere glance for an instant and then it is passed. The people inside do not appear to mind it much. Well, when a railroad train shoots by your windows every ninety seconds, you can't afford to look out at every one of them.

The train pulls up at a station and more people get in, and in less than a minute we are off again. Now we come out on a wide street and we can look through the windows to the street below. There is a blockade there. A truck has broken down on the horse-car track and the cars are stopped in a long line. How lucky that we can fly right over the whole affair, crowd and all, and leave them far behind, while the drivers below are quarreling as to who shall get out of the way! On we go up-town; stopping at station after station, making two more curves and then coming to Sixth Avenue. Now we spin along in fine style, and as the road is in the middle of the street we have a good chance to see the shops and sidewalks below. We go in this way for nearly three miles, pass a branch road leading off to the left, and then stop at Fifty-eighth street. Here we are at Central Park in twenty minutes from Trinity Church, and making twelve stops on the way.—Charles Barnard, in *St. Nicholas for October*.

## THE TREE-TOAD.

BY M. M.

On the trunk of the maple-tree,  
Down by the road,  
Snuggly hid in its crack,  
Sits the little tree-toad.

Such a comical chap,  
Just the size of your thumb;  
But he makes as much noise  
As a life and a drum.

For he shouts and he sings  
With loud, mocking glee,  
"Oh, where is the boy  
Who will first find me?"

You may look up and down,  
And all the tree round,  
But the smart little fellow  
Is not to be found.

You may search high and low,  
And all the day long,  
But toadie, safe hidden,  
Still sings the same song.

Of—"Deary me!  
A lucky boy he  
Who catches a toad  
On a maple-tree!"

For toadie is brown,  
And so is the tree,  
And the browns are alike  
As browns can be.

Sometimes he is light,  
And sometimes dark,  
And his coat is rough  
Like a bit of the bark.

Thus snug in his crack,  
It is hard, you see,  
For a boy to tell  
The toad from the tree.

So he sits and sings  
While the children play,  
And he cries aloud,  
In a teasing way:

"How plucky and lucky  
That boy will be  
Who first finds a toad  
On a maple-tree!"

—Churchman.

A small boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrible combination.

## LENDING A PIE.

"Mother," said Johnnie, "haven't you a pie that you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnnie, what do you mean?" she asked; for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," said he, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?' I don't believe old Betsy has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsy; only she was sorry that she had not thought of sending one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnnie's way of "putting it."

## NATHAN HALE.

In the little town of Coventry, Conn., stands a simple granite shaft, forty feet high, erected to the memory of Nathan Hale. Who was he? I used to ask this when a child I stood beside the grave, and when I became older I learned to be proud of the name.

Washington, in the time of the Revolutionary War, needed a brave young man to make a long and perilous journey through the English army, hoping thereby to get facts that would save his own men. Hale was only twenty-one, and noble as he was brave. After having been among them two weeks, as he was returning he was arrested, and the detailed plans of the enemy found between the soles of his shoes. He was taken to New York, thrown into a prison cell and condemned to be hanged. He asked for a Bible, and spent the night before his execution in reading it, and writing letters to his mother, sister and the young lady whom he was to have married.

At day-break when the marshal came, Hale handed him the letters and asked, as a dying favor, that they might be delivered to those for whom they were written, but the brutal marshal tore them up before his eyes, saying afterward that he did not want the Americans to know what a grand man they had, and how nobly he could die. With his arms tied behind him, clad in a white gown trimmed with black, and a white cap, he was walked to the scaffold with his rough board coffin carried in front of him. Just before he was swung off, he said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

He had just graduated from Yale College and was fitting for the ministry, when news came of the battle of Lexington, and he immediately enlisted, saying: "Let us never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence." A few years ago the women of his native town of Coventry, took up the matter of remembering so brave and Christian a young man, and raised money for the monument.

It is wrong to forget any who make sacrifices for our good, whether for country or for us individually. The cowards of this world do not deserve honor, but bravery united with goodness wins the highest admiration.—*Congregationalist*.

## Pleasantries.

Kaukakee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula: "Have'er?" "Yes." "Have'im?" "Yes." "Married—two dollars."

When John Bishop Selwyn departed for New Zealand, Sydney Smith took him warmly by the hand and said—though there was the tremble of sad memories in his voice: "Good-bye, my dear Selwyn; I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you."

At a recent wedding the bridegroom, being an officer, wore his sidearms at the nuptials. A little wide-awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he had another sister whose true-love was a carpenter, he boldly inquired: "May, when Jenkins comes to marry Milly, will he wear his saw by his side?"



Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

OCTOBER 19. LESSON 43. 1879.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis xix. 15-25.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

15. And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

16. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city.

17. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

18. And Lot said unto them, Oh, not so, my Lord.

19. Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast shewed unto me in saving my life; and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil befall me, and I die:

20. Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: O, let me escape thither, (as it not a little one) and my soul shall live.

21. And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.

22. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.

23. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.

24. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven:

25. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.

NOTES.—The two angels, after leaving Abraham, came to Sodom in the evening Lot sitting at the gate of the city invites them in. They at first refuse to enter, but after being pressed greatly they partake of his hospitality. The dwellers in Sodom came rioting about and upon Lot's house so that he was greatly concerned for the safety of his guests, whom the laws of the East obliged him to defend at all hazards and cost. The angels rescue Lot from the barbarity of the Sodomites, and strike the leaders of the gang with blindness. They now exhort him and his family to hasten off, as destruction was at the door. Lot exhorts his sons-in-law in vain to accompany his household. The day of doom had come.

VERSE 15. *And when the morning arose, on that fatal day, the angels hastened Lot, his wife, and his daughters out of the city of iniquity or destruction, as it likewise reads.*

VERSE 16. *And while he lingered, probably in affectionately entreating his sons-in-law to hasten with him, the angels took them by the hands, leading now this one and then that one, and by God's mercy brought him and his without the city.*

VERSE 17. *Escape for thy life. Thou art in most imminent danger! Look not behind thee. One look may delay thee too long! Neither stay thou in all the plain. The valley will be submerged. Escape to the mountain. Ascend the high land!*

VERSES 18, 19. *Oh not so my Lord! He cried out, not in a gainsaying spirit, but in fear. Seeing the destruction so nigh, he fears, lest he cannot journey rapidly enough, and must fall under it. From the magnified mercy, in which the Lord had shown him how to escape, he prays to have a nearer place of refuge allowed him.*

VERSE 20. *This city is near to flee unto. It may be that Lot wished to have this little place for an inheritance. As it was so small, he hoped to have it granted to himself.*

VERSE 21. *See I have accepted thee. God heard and answered his prayer. For Lot's sake it is written: I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken.*

VERSE 22. *Haste thee—escape thee thither. That shall now be his city of refuge. For I cannot do anything till thou be come thither. Just as Abraham had said (chap. xvii. 2, 3 and 5). Zoar. Its former name had been Bela, from its former king. "Zoar means LITTLE"—from Lot's saying. It owed its all to Lot.*

VERSE 23. *The sun was risen. Between dawn and sun rise then, he had made the distance, for it was near to flee unto (ver. 20).*

VERSE 24. *Brimstone and Fire. What we are to understand by these terms is not easy to say. "Brimstone" may have been nitrous particles or meteoric stones showered down. A thunder-storm of a peculiar nature may have been the only agent. We know too that the plain was rich in bitumen or pitch, which was readily ignited by lightning. Sodom has been said to mean burning—from the inflammable nature of its surroundings. It is useless to speculate, however. The fact is given us, which is enough. Besides, if we believe in the destruction of the old world through the flood, we will not doubt that God suffered such a visitation to come.*

VERSE 25. *And he overthrew those cities. It is mentioned by some, that the cities and plain were submerged by the Dead Sea. As no satisfactory account has yet been given of their location, we take the word "overthrew" in the sense of destroyed. They may be buried under the Dead Sea, or beneath the deluge of matter, as Jerusalem lies entombed from twenty to eighty feet under ruins, and another city upon it. So Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin, once flourishing towns on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, have long since disappeared, leaving no wreck to mark their situations (Matt. xi. 20-24). So many other cities are now under the earth, and are being exhumed after two thousand years' burial.*

Lot's wife tarried too long, was overtaken by the shower, struck dead, and covered with a crust of matter which riveted her to the spot for a time (ver. 6). Abraham saw by the following morning, that even ten righteous men had not been found. Still what was worth preserving was saved. The garden of the Lord was a burning, smoking waste (vers. 27, 28). Lot left Zoar, because he feared to dwell in so horrible a plain, and came to the very mountain, to which God had ordered him to go at first.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. 1. Our fallen world is an Empire of Sin, like the cities of the plain. It is condemned, and its doom is foretold (2 Pet. iii. 10-12). 2. There is a Zoar for us too—for the little flock who escape after the command of our Lord (Luke xvii. 28-33). 3. Our final refuge is in the Mountains of God (2 Pet. iii. 13).

It is not toiling but believing, that brings rest and joy, and peace. It is not doing or suffering, but simply believing that Christ has suffered and done. It is not waiting, but believing now. It is not seeking to make one's self better but coming in all our sinfulness, that Christ may make us so. It is through him we come to know the love of God; and in this is rest and peace.—R. Newton.

JEALOUSY.

There is a story in the Bible which we do not often read. It is in a very strange book to be in the Bible. The name of God does not occur once in the book, and the whole story reads more like an eastern fable or a bit out of the Arabian Nights than a piece of God's word. It is the Book of Esther. There we read about the sojourn of certain Jews in the kingdom of Persia, among whom was an old man named Mordecai, with his niece Esther, who afterwards became queen. The king's chief minister, Haman, was richer and more powerful than any of the other nobles. He had many children, and many honors, and everything that could delight his heart; and yet he hated this Mordecai so much, and was so jealous of him, that when he was telling of all his honors to his wife and his friends, he said, "Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." Then he arranged a plan by which he might have Mordecai hanged upon a gallows fifty cubits high. The gallows was built, and all things were ready, and then, by one of those sudden changes of oriental caprice, the gallows which was prepared for Mordecai, received Haman, who, coming under the sudden frown of Ahasuerus the king, was sentenced to be hanged upon this high scaffold.

We hear a great deal to-day about green-eyed jealousy. This is the wonderful lesson of Shakespeare's play of Othello. Too many people think this term "green-eyed" is a mere figure of speech. But jealousy does make us look at things in a wrong light! People who are jaundiced look yellow: the whites of their eyes are yellow, and everything appears to them tinged with their own yellow sickness. Then there are other people who are color-blind. Everything looks wrong to them. They cannot distinguish one color from another. And people who are jealous of others, see them in a false light. They look at them with a jaundiced, diseased eye. They will believe nothing good of them; they find fault with everything they do; the sight of others whom they hate being happy, makes them unhappy. As when Haman said, after reviewing all his honors and glories, and then thought of the poor old Jew whom he hated, "Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

Malaria is a terrible disease. It poisons the blood and spoils the system. It starts up all sorts of symptoms which we try to cure with medicine, and which cannot be cured until the intruding curse of malaria, the sickening blood-poison, is rooted out of the system.

And jealousy is a moral malaria in the heart. It makes everything appear sickened and green with its hated blight. It has the curse of God upon it. It kills out all human happiness: it separates us from our friends, and will give us a loveless old age. Rooks and ravens, those ugly, black birds, are said to kill the trees in which they make their nests. And the black raven of jealousy does the same when it makes its nest in the human heart.—Rev. W. W. Newton.

HURTFUL READING.

A bad book, magazine or newspaper is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the path of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthy body. Many of these papers have attained a large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The dangers to young persons from this cause were never so great as at this time, and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child. Look to it then that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure. See to it that an abundance of the healthiest and purest reading is placed before your children. Hungry lambs will eat poison, but if well fed on good food they let poison alone. If you wish to save your own children and the children of others do all you can to sustain and circulate healthy religious literature.—Common People.

"If a preacher does not preach well, pray him up," added Mr. Spurgeon. "If the hearers do not profit, let them go on praying. Any of them would preach well when he preaches to a congregation coming fresh from their knees, having prayed to God to help them."

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## General News.

## HOME.

Washington, October 5.—The following has been received at the Indian Bureau:

Los Pinos, Col., October 2.—To Commissioner Hayt: A runner, just from the White River Agency, reports that the agent and employees are killed. There has been a fight with the troops, in which the officers in command were killed. The troops are surrounded, away from any water supply, and their trains have been captured.

Chief Guray, the head of the Ute nation, sends the following order to his people by a runner:

"To the chiefs, captains, headmen and Utes at White river: You are hereby requested and commanded to cease hostilities against the whites, injuring no innocent persons or any others further than to protect your own lives and property from unlawful and unauthorized combinations of horse thieves and desperadoes, as anything further will ultimately and in disaster to all parties."

(Signed) STANLEY, Agent.

Cheyenne, Wyo., October 5.—8 P. M.—Prospectors in North Park from this place are returning. They report Utes in war paint having been seen in such close proximity to the mines that many miners are leaving for the settlement; others are banding together for protection, and ranchmen in and near the Park are leaving. All report having seen Indians or Indian signs.

9 P. M.—News from Rawlins dated to-day says no tidings from Milk creek have been received up to this hour. There arrived to-day companies A, B and H, of the 3d cavalry. Yesterday company B, 31 cavalry, arrived. The force now here comprises six companies of the 7th infantry, numbering 240 men, and the four companies of cavalry mentioned above, numbering 160 men. Three companies of the 31 cavalry, three companies of the 5th cavalry and two companies of the 7th infantry start from Fort McKinney, Wyoming, for this point to-morrow.

## FOREIGN.

Sinla, October 3.—The British camp at Shutargardan was unsuccessfully attacked yesterday by some of the independent hostile tribes of that district. The enemy was repulsed with the loss of twenty killed. The British loss was six wounded. The Third regiment of Sikhs and Twenty-first Punjab Native Infantry hold a strongly entrenched position in the Shutargardan Pass. The Ameer strongly urges Sir Frederick Roberts to delay his advance on Cabul, as he fears that the Afghan troops will sack the Bala Hissar on the approach of the British, especially as he believes that only one of his regiments is trustworthy. Sir Frederick Roberts will not act upon the Ameer's representations. General Gough, with a detachment of the Guides, the Ninth regiment and four mountain guns, has arrived at Basawal. He is promised every assistance from the Governor of Jelalabad.

## Married.

At the Reformed parsonage, Pleasant Unity, Pa., Sept. 23th, 1879, by Rev. B. B. Ferer, Mr. George F. McCullough, of Scottsdale, Pa., to Miss Hattie Baner of Latrobe, Pa.

On the 25th of September, 1879, at the residence of George A. Wyckoff, Esq., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Alfred D. Greiner to Miss Mary E. W. Bachman, all of Tautaville, Northumberland Co., Pa.

In Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa., Sept. 30th, 1879, by Rev. J. B. Kerechner, Mr. J. P. Whitmer, of Fouts's Valley, Perry Co., to Miss Callie Deppon, of County Line, Northumberland Co., Pa.

On the 23d of September, at the house of the bride's parents, by the Rev. W. H. Sandoz, Mr. Hen' on H. Richards, of Volcano, West Virginia, to Miss Laura Belle Tschopp, of Fairfield county, Pa.

On Oct. 1st, in Christ Reformed church, of this city, by Rev. G. H. Johnston, Mr. Thomas Clover to Miss Anna Frances Laley, both of Philadelphia.

## Obituaries.

DIED.—In this city, on the 3d inst., Mr. Joseph F. Davis of Batavia, N. Y., in the 54th year of his age. The mere announcement of his decease, in Maryland, North-western N. Y., and wherever he was known, will call up a life so pure and useful, that there is no use of an obituary notice; and in any event we are incapacitated to write one. We can only bow in faith before the mystery of his removal at this time, and wait for its solution in the resurrection of the just.—Ed.

DIED.—In Easton, Pa., on Sunday morning, September 28th, 1879, Josiah P. Hetrich, at the age of 70 years. He was a well-known and most estimable citizen of the place. The "Easton Daily Express" pays the following deserved tribute to his memory.

"Mr. Hetrich was a descendant from a German colony from the Palatinate which came to Pennsylvania in 1740. Other colonies preceded and followed, all actuated, as truly as were the Pilgrim Fathers, by a desire for civil and religious liberty. He was born in the County of Lebanon in the year 1809. His grandfather was one of the earliest settlers. By the death of his father and mother, Mr. Hetrich was left an orphan at an early age. Through some relatives at Lebanon he received the best education attainable in those times.

That indomitable perseverance and energy of character, which marked his whole life, soon manifested itself. When but a lad of fifteen he made up his mind to seek his own living.

He shortly afterwards came to Easton, and learned the art of printing under Christian J. Hutter, then the publisher of the Easton Sentinel and German Correspondent. Save a short interval of employment in Allentown and New York City, he has since lived in Easton. His industry, intelligence and activity, did not long escape notice. In 1829 he was induced by some of the leading citizens of the borough to become the purchaser of the Easton Whig. As editor and proprietor, he continued its publication for thirty-five years. By his energy and his untiring labor, the enterprise was successful. His patience, his perseverance and a vast amount of toil, brought him their legitimate results, morally, socially and pecuniarily. After success was assured, he married Susan Davis, daughter of Barnabas Davis, a prominent citizen of Easton. The wife of his youth; the who comforted, aided and sustained him in his upward course, still survives; and, with five sons and two daughters, in silent sadness, mourns her loss.

Not an office seeker, he was not desirous of political preferment. In 1866, at the solicitation of some devoted friends, among whom was a distinguished West-nor senator, he became an applicant for the office of Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eleventh Congressional District, embracing the counties of Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne. He was appointed by President Andrew Johnson, and at once entered upon the duties of a new and untold office, with the same energy and ability he had before manifested. The revenue collected was enormous; in one year (1866-67) amounting nearly to \$300,000. So successful was his administration, that in a few weeks, after the termination of his office, his accounts were settled, receipts given and his bonds returned.

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To his own church, the Reformed, he was devotedly attached. As a member he was always in his place at the regular services. As a friend of the pastor, he was always a kind and most judicious counsellor. While no mere words of personal religious experience ever passed his lips, so retiring and unassuming was his nature; his religion was yet a habit, a regulating principle pervading his whole character and life.

His temperament was so sunny, so cheerful, that his presence was irradiated almost as by a halo. Very many will miss his pleasant smile; his cheerful morning greeting. It was, however, in his own home and among the members of his own family, that his joyful spirit seemed most to take delight. For his wife and his children no trouble was too great, no labor too severe. Always cheerful, he imparted that cheerfulness to each and all, while never remitting his kind attention and watchful care. His was a most happy home.

On Wednesday last, when gathering fruit, he fell from the roof of the office in the rear upon the brick pavement below. Help was quickly at hand and medical aid summoned. All relief possible was afforded, and such was the strength of his constitution, that for a time recovery was thought possible, but on Friday he began to fail, and gradually grew weaker, until on Sabbath morning, at half past four, he slept his life away, sinking to rest as quietly and peacefully as "dies the wave upon the shore."

We need not assure the devoted wife and family of the deep sympathy felt by our whole community with them in their affliction. The family circle has never been broken, until now that its head has been taken. Our grief is mingled with a spirit of thankfulness, that he had been spared to them and to us so long; that he had lived to see two of his sons holding high positions under the United States Government, another son an editor of a leading western journal; another an officer in the Northampton County National Bank, and his youngest son about to enter his chosen profession.

It is well. It is well. For the departed one the turmoil of life, its toils, its sorrows, the pains of parting and dissolution are all over. We would not murmur at this sudden dispensation of an all-wise Providence. Life is made poorer for the loved ones left behind; this earth is made for them more vacant and lonely, and yet we do not learn to thank Him, that the blow when it did come, fell so high; that so rich a legacy is left them in the life and character of their dear departed; and for one more proof, that, in this wicked and sinful world, hard and cruel as it is, true virtue shall have its own reward."

## Acknowledgments.

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Mount Pleasant charge, per do.,	2 00
Loudon charge, per Rev J Hassler, pastor,	6 00

Amount \$145 37

Mercersburg, Pa., Wm. M. DEATRICK, October 1st, 1879. Treas. Board of Education.

\*Same acknowledged by the Treasurer of Maryland Classis in the MESSENGER of July 2nd.

## LETTER LIST.

Ayers, N W & Son.	
Bridenbaugh, Rev S R, Binkley, H K, (2), Brendle, Rev D F, Brindle, D M, Bender, M E, Benninger, W B, (2), Barber, Rev J W, Bair, J B, Bartholomew, Rev A R.	
Christ, J F, Cornman, W H, Clemens, Rev J M, Derr, Rev T, Deatrick, Rev W R H, Dubbs, Rev Dr J H.	
Eschbacher, Rev Dr E R.	
Fenstermaker, T A, Fouse, J S, Fisher, A S, Gobrecht, N A, Guth, A J, Goodrich, Rev W, Gehart, Rev R L, Geisinger, J B.	
Heilman, Rev U H, Heilman, Dr S P, Heberling, A, Hartzell, Rev G P, (2), Hoffman, Rev H, Higbee, Rev Dr E E.	
Keener, Rev H F, Kurtz, Rev J C J, Koons, K, Lentz, H, Lambert, J D, Lefevre, S S, Lichtner, Rev W F, Light, Rev E F, Leberman, Rev J J, Leisnering & Traxler, (2), Little, Rev L M.	
Miller, D.	
Onl, A M.	
Peters, P F, Peters, L P.	
Radcliffe, J S, Kiegel, M J, Reber, Rev T N, Roth, Rev G W.	
Shuey, Rev D B, Sechler, Rev J H, Stump, Miss L, Smarr, W M, Stewart, J, Snyder, W H, Schawl, E, Smith, Miss C.	
Yelch, W R.	

## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1879.

(The prices here given are wholesale.)	
Flour, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$3.25 @ 3.75
" Extra Family.....	4.25 @ 4.75
" Fancy.....	6.25 @ 6.75
Rye.....	4.25 @ 4.50
Corn meal.....	2.75 @ 2.80
Buckwheat meal.....	1.10 @ 1.20
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.30 @ 1.31
" Red.....	1.27 @ 1.29
Rye.....	74 @ 75
Corn, Yellow.....	55 @ 59
" White.....	48 @ 55
Oats.....	37 @ 38
Barley two rowed.....	60 @ 65
Barley malt two rowed.....	80 @ 90
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	64 @ 67
" Refined oil loaf.....	94 @ 99
" " crushed.....	94 @ 99
" " powdered.....	94 @ 99
" " granulated.....	84 @ 89
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	154 @ 17
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	13 @ 19
" Laguayra.....gold.....	13 @ 16
" Java.....gold.....	23 @ 26
PROVISIONS, Mess Beef.....	10.25 @ 10.50
Dried Pork.....	12 @ 13
Sugar cured Hams.....	9 @ 10
Lard.....	62 @ 67
Butter, Roll extra.....	14 @ 16
Butter, Roll Common.....	11 @ 13
" Prints, extra.....	25 @ 27
" Common.....	20 @ 23
" Grease.....	4 @ 9
Eggs.....	19 @ 20
SWEDS, Clover, per 100lbs.....	8.00 @ 8.25
Timothy per bushel.....	2.40 @ 2.60
Flax.....	1.35 @ 1.38
PLASTER, White.....	8.00 @ 8.25
Blue.....	2.50 @ 3.00

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44 inch All Wool French Cheviots, at 40c.  
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46 inch Pinhead Checks, at 60c.

44 inch All-wool French Armures, at 75c.  
44-inch All wool French Mousie Cloth, at 75c.  
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A line of All-wool Suitings, in all the new dark shades, at 25c.  
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GRAND DEPOT, 13TH ST.BUFFALO  
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